

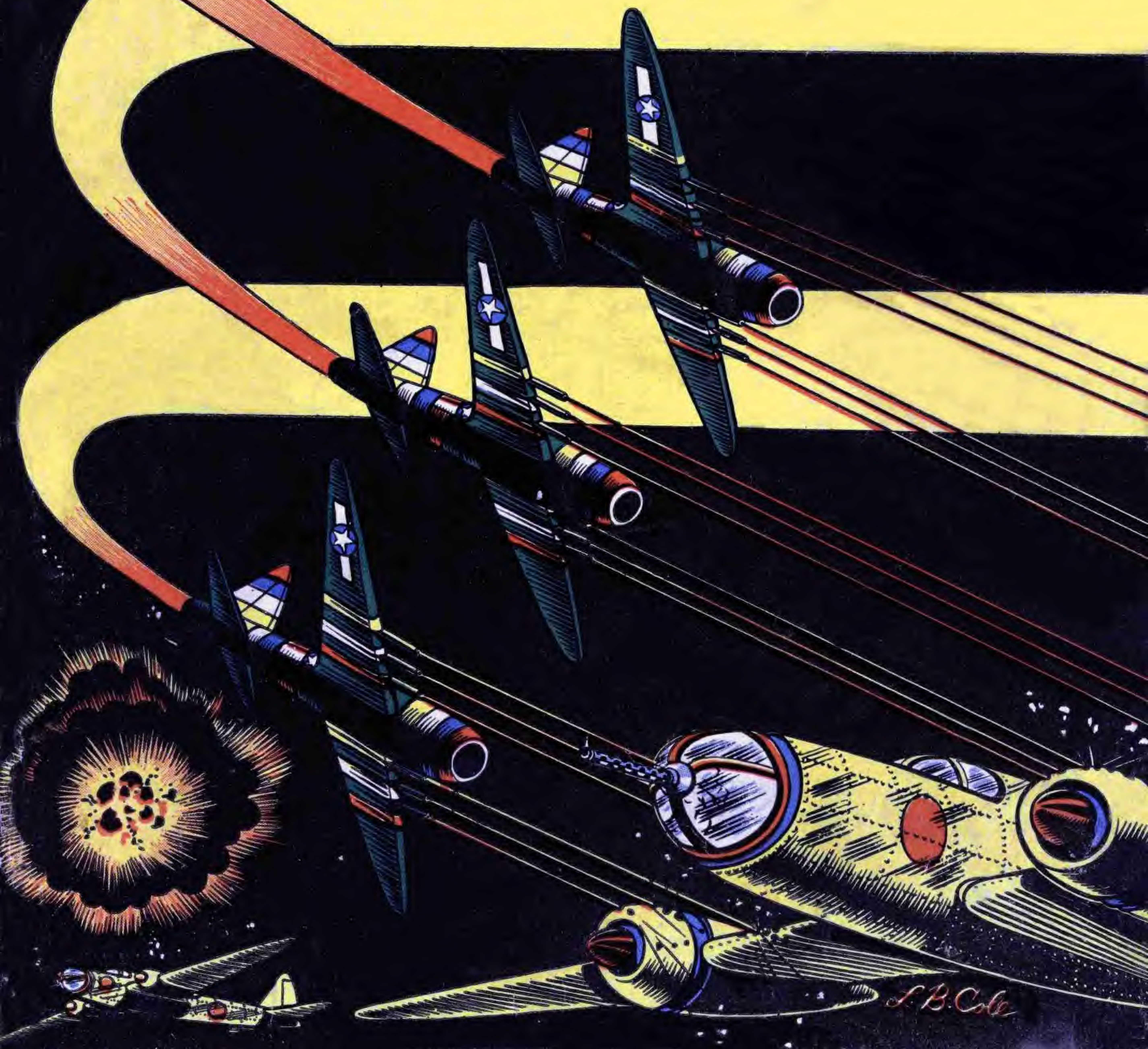
CAPTAIN

10¢

NO. 22

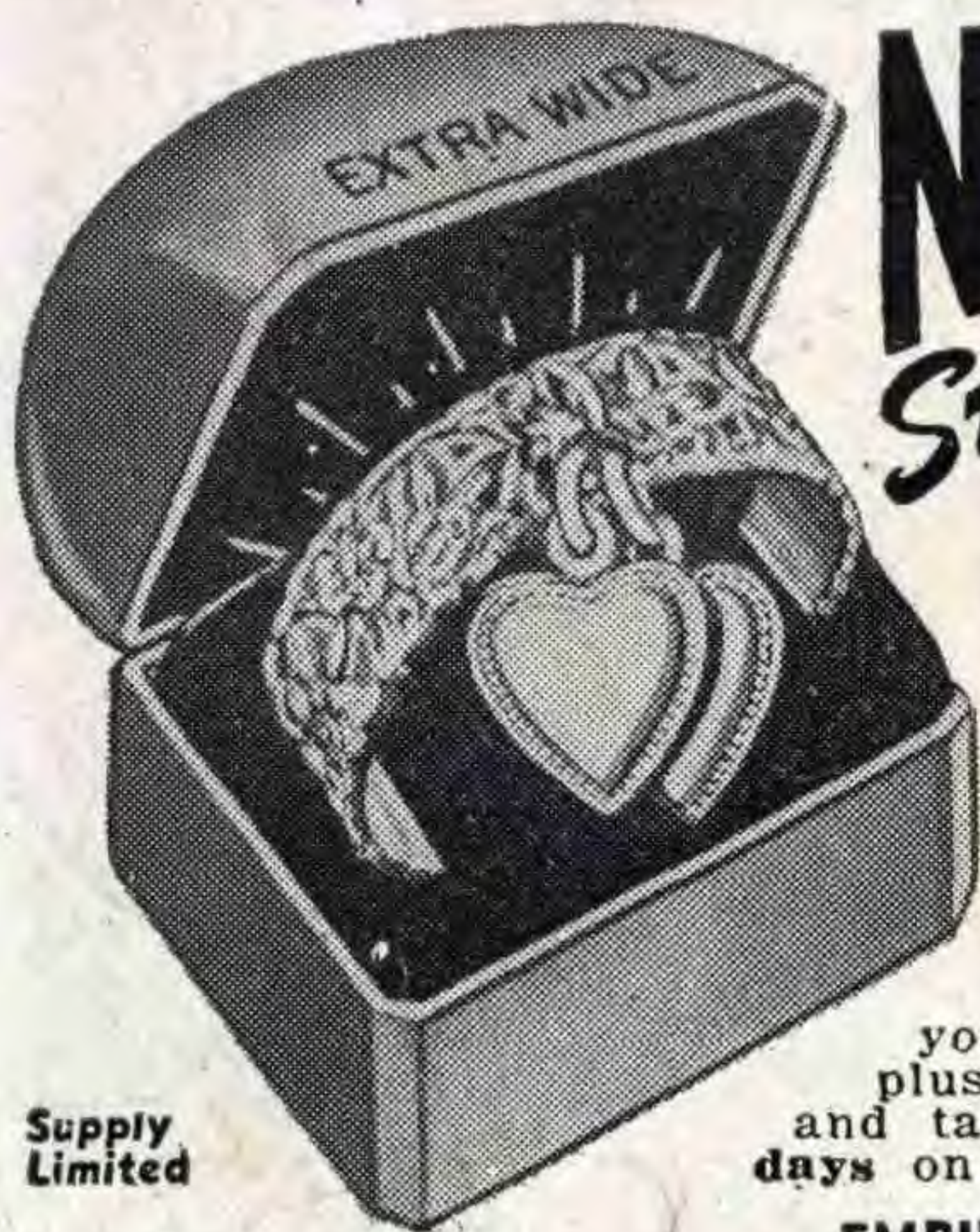
AERO

COMICS





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UNIVERSE.COM**



Supply Limited

NEW True-Love and Friendship Sterling Silver Pendant The Heart Design RING \$1.95

ring that grows in attractiveness and sentiment the longer it is worn. This genuine Sterling Silver ring is extra wide and beautifully embossed with the very newest "Forget-Me-Not" design with two pendant hearts suitable for engraving initials of loved ones. The ring of romance and true friendship.

No other gift is quite so appropriate among friends or lovers now that so many good friends, pals and sweethearts are far away from each other.

SEND NO MONEY

Just name, address and ring size. Your package sent immediately and you pay postman only \$1.95 plus a few cents mailing cost and tax, on arrival. Wear 10 days on money back guarantee.

EMPIRE DIAMOND CO.,
Dept. 9-HV, Jefferson, Iowa

EMPIRE DIAMOND CO., Dept. 9-HV, Jefferson, Iowa

Send the extra wide band Sterling Silver "Forget-Me-Not" Design Ring. I understand I can return my order within 10 days for any reason and you will refund promptly.

Name

Address

0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 City

Ring Size..... State.....

For Your Ring Size

Use handy ring measure at right. Tie string around finger, cut and mark off size on scale.



New ENLARGEMENT 3¢

Just to Get Acquainted We Will Beautifully Enlarge Your Favorite Snapshot, Photo, Kodak Picture, Print or Negative to 5 x 7 Inches If You Enclose the Coupon and a 3 Cent Stamp for Return Mailing!

Everyone admires pictures in natural colors because the surroundings and loved ones are so true to life, just the way they looked when the pictures were taken, so we want you to know also about our gorgeous colored enlargements. Think of having that small picture or snapshot enlarged to 5 by 7-inch size so that the details and features you love are more life-like and natural. Over one million men and women have sent us their favorite snapshots and pictures for enlarging. Thousands write us how much they also enjoy their remarkably true-to-life, natural colored enlargements we have sent them in handsome black and gold, or ivory and gold frames.

Enclose this coupon with your favorite snapshot, picture or negative and send to DEAN STUDIOS, Dept. 942, 211 W. 7th St., Des Moines, Iowa.

Name

Address

City..... State.....

Color of Hair

Color of Eyes

You are now given a wonderful opportunity to receive a beautiful enlargement of your cherished snapshot, photo or Kodak picture. Please include the color of hair and eyes and get our new bargain offer giving you your choice of handsome frames with a second enlargement beautifully hand tinted in natural lifelike oil colors and sent on approval. Your original is returned with your enlargement. This amazing enlargement offer is our way of getting acquainted and letting you know the quality of our work. Send today as supplies are limited.

DEAN STUDIOS, Dept. 942, 211 W. 7th St., Des Moines, Iowa

Beautiful Simulated BIRTHSTONE RING GIVEN AWAY Also Other Valuable Gifts.

Smart, new, dainty, Sterling Silver Ring set with sparkling simulated Birthstone correct for your birth date—GIVEN for selling only 5 boxes of Gold Crown Spot Remover and Cleaner at 25c each and returning the money collected. Dozens of other useful and valuable gifts (Hose, Pens, Scissors, Rings, Lockets, Costume Jewelry, etc.) are also offered in our free catalog-circular. Send name and address today for order and catalog to start.



Birthstone Ring Given for Selling 5 boxes.



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Just Send The Coupon We TRUST You

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Enclose this coupon in an envelope or paste it on a postcard and send it to GOLD CROWN PRODUCTS, Dept. E-159 Jefferson, Iowa, for order to start

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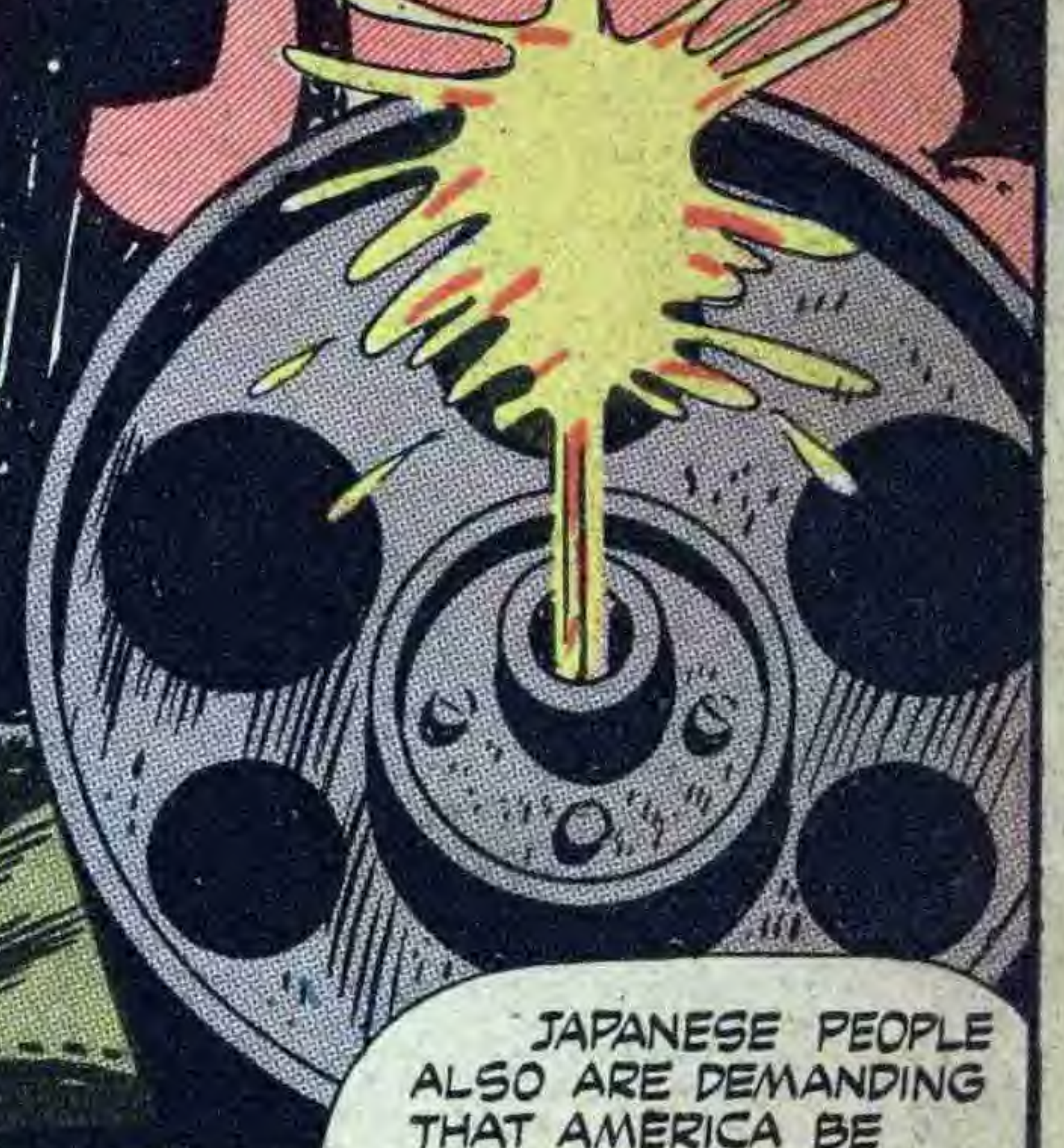
CITY..... STATE.....

Gift I would like to have you send me.

CAPTAIN AERO

NEW YORK CITY
ATTACKED FROM
THE AIR!!! HERE
WAS A DARING
SCHEME THAT NEEDED
A DARING MAN TO
COUNTERACT IT! WHO
ELSE BUT **CAPTAIN
AERO** WOULD ATTEMPT
TO SOLVE THE RIDDLE
OF THE

"The Ghost of
von Richtofen"



THE "INNER SANCTUM" OF AXIS GANGSTERS MEETS IN
BERCHESGARTEN TO DISCUSS A GRAVE SITUATION--

BOMBS! BOMBS! BOMBS!
NIGHT UND DAY--NOTHING
BUT BOMBS!

UND DER HERRENVÖLK
WANT RETALIATION
--UND QVICK!



JAPANESE PEOPLE
ALSO ARE DEMANDING
THAT AMERICA BE
BOMBED--OUR PROPA-
GANDA HAS NO EFFECT--
BUT WITH THE AID OF
AIRCHIEF GOERING HERE,
I HAVE FORMULATED
A PLAN!

A PLAN--?
WHAT
ISS IT?





WITH MY KNOWLEDGE OF AIRCRAFT CARRIERS, AND HERR GOERING'S SUPERLATIVE LUFTWAFFE, I PROPOSE THAT WE TAKE THE JAPANESE CARRIER **HOKADAI**, AND CONVERT IT INTO A FLOATING FLYING FIELD TO BOMB AMERICA--

IT IS RIDICULOUS! HOW COULD IT BE DONE?



QUITE SIMPLE--AS I WILL EXPLAIN TO YOU--NATURALLY--IT WILL BE IN THE NATURE OF A SUICIDE SQUAD--BUT WHAT OF IT--?

MY FUEHRER--WE **MUST** DO IT--THE PEOPLE ARE DEMANDING IT!



SEVERAL MINUTES LATER--

IT IS A GOOD PLAN--AS GOOD AS ANY--GO AHEAD WITH IT! WHAT DIFFERENCE IF A FEW LIVES ARE LOST!

GOOD! WE WILL START AT ONCE! YOU WON'T REGRET IT!



SEVERAL MONTHS LATER, AT GRAND CENTRAL STATION IN NEW YORK, A REUNION TAKES PLACE!

CAPTAIN AERO!
CAPTAIN AERO!

BOBBY AND JIMMY--MY SKY SCOUTS! HELLO, BOYS!

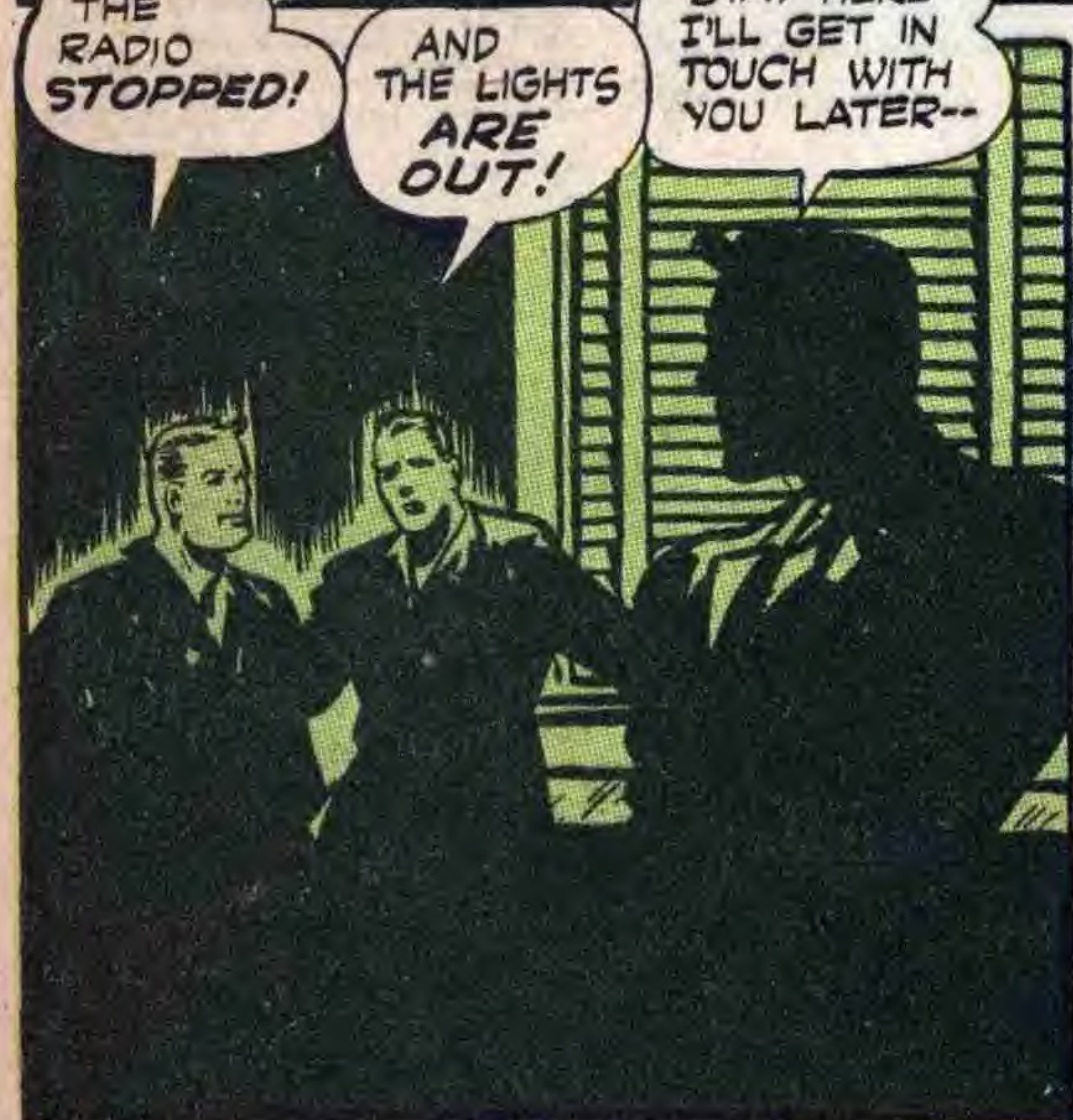


THAT EVENING IN AERO'S HOTEL SUITE!

YES--I THINK I'M GOING TO ENJOY MY STAY IN NEW YORK AS LONG AS YOU FELLOWS ARE HERE! I WONDER WHEN--

CAP! DO YOU HEAR THAT? IT'S--

AN AIR RAID ALARM!



THE RADIO STOPPED!

AND THE LIGHTS ARE OUT!

YOU BOYS STAY HERE--I'LL GET IN TOUCH WITH YOU LATER--

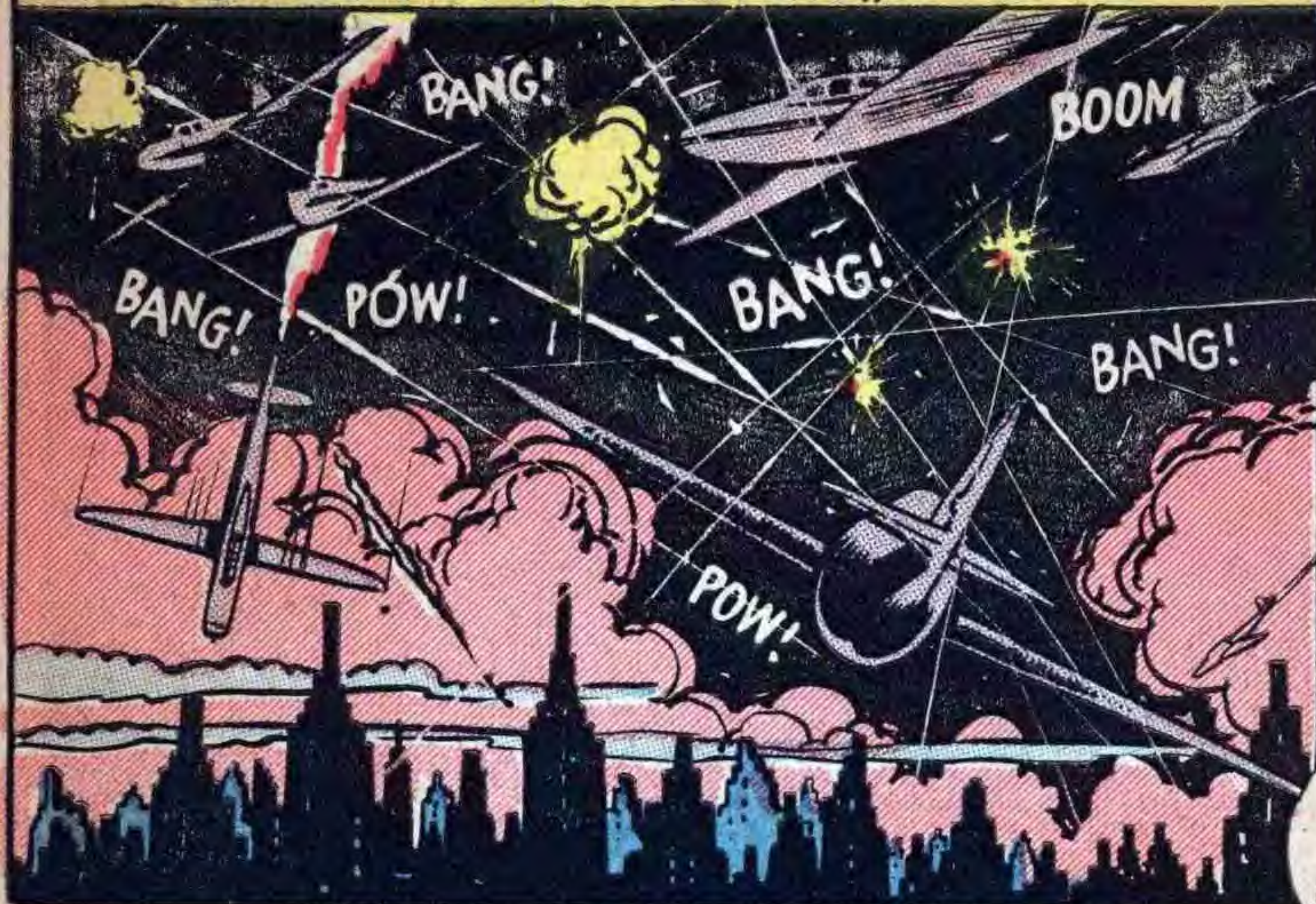


DOWNSTAIRS IN THE DARKENED LOBBY, CAPTAIN AERO SEES ANOTHER BROTHER OFFICER.

WHAT IS IT, CAPTAIN--? AN ALERT?

ALERT NOTHING! THIS IS REAL--ENEMY PLANES HAVE BEEN SPOTTED BY RADAR AND ARE COMING IN---

**A FEW MINUTES LATER, AND AN UNBELIEVABLE SIGHT--
AN AIR BATTLE OVER NEW YORK CITY!!**



**MANY ENEMY PLANES ARE SHOT
DOWN-- ONE IN PARTICULAR, WHOSE
PILOT HAS A BEARING ON THIS STORY.**



WHAT DO I MEAN? I MEAN THAT WHEN THE GHOST APPEARS, HE WILL LEAD THE OTHERS TO VICTORY. I WILL NOT BE A PRISONER--I WILL DIE FIRST!
HEIL HITLER!

GRAB HIM! QUICK!

THE FOLLOWING DAY--AND A CAPTURED NAZI PILOT IS BROUGHT TO HEADQUARTERS FOR QUESTIONING!



AND THAT'S ALL I KNOW!
CAPTAIN AERO HAS ARRIVED, SIR!
SHOW HIM IN IMMEDIATELY!

AFTER A FEW HOURS OF FRUITLESS QUESTIONING BY CAPTAIN AERO---



ALL RIGHT--I'LL TALK! I'LL AMAZE YOU STUPID AMERICANERS! WE HAVE A CARRIER IN THE ATLANTIC, BUT YOU HAVE TO FIND IT BECAUSE THE GHOST OF RICHTOFEN WILL APPEAR FIRST!

WH-WHAT DOES HE MEAN?



THE AMERICAN OFFICER'S CRY COMES TOO LATE---BECAUSE A FEW SECONDS LATER, THE PILOT HAS HURLED HIMSELF OUT OF THE WINDOW---



MINUTES LATER---

WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT--CAPTAIN AERO?

WHAT DOES HE MEAN BY THE GHOST OF VON RICHTOFEN?

I DON'T KNOW--- BUT I KNOW WHERE TO FIND OUT---





SEVERAL DAYS GO BY---SOON THE ANCIENT FOKKER IS REASSEMBLED AND READY FOR FLIGHT---

THE OLD CRATE WILL FLY ALL RIGHT, CAPTAIN AERO, BUT SHE HASN'T GOT A CHANCE AGAINST THESE MODERN SHIPS!

MAYBE, LIEUTENANT--- MAYBE---



THAT NIGHT--AND ANOTHER AIR RAID ALARM---

ANOTHER ONE! BOY--THEY SURE AIN'T KIDDING--

YEAH--- CAPTAIN AERO IS READY TO TRY OUT HIS EXPERIMENT NOW, I GUESS---



---AND AT THE ARMY AIR-FIELD---

ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE RIGHT ABOUT THIS, CAPTAIN AERO?-- YOU WON'T HAVE A CHANCE AGAINST THEM---

IT'S THE ONLY WAY OF GETTING TO THE SECRET PART OF THE HIDDEN CARRIER---IT'S GOT TO BE RIGHT---



WE PUT IN A SUPERCHARGED MOTOR, CAPTAIN--- SHE'LL FLY GOOD--- BUT SHE HAS NO FIRE POWER--

I KNOW--- WELL--- WISH ME LUCK--- HERE I GO---

LUCK? YOU'LL NEED MORE THAN THAT---



MINUTES LATER---AND THE REPLICA OF VON RICHTOFEN'S PLANE IS IN THE SKY---WITH CAPT. AERO AT ITS CONTROLS!

LUCKY MY MECHANICS CHANGED ENGINES-- I'LL SKIRT AROUND THIS MESS AND HEAD STRAIGHT OUT TO SEA---



HOURS GO BY--- THEN, AS DAWN BEGINS TO APPEAR OVER THE HORIZON---

FUNNY-- I'VE BEEN FLYING ALL NIGHT, AND STILL NO TRACE OF ANY CARRIER-- I WONDER IF---



BUT OTHER EYES HAVE SPOTTED THE PLANE IN THE EARLY MORNING---

LOOK! LOOK! IT IS HE! THE GHOST OF VON RICHTOFEN IS HERE!



---AND CAPTAIN AERO LOOKS BELOW TO SEE A STRANGE SIGHT---

WOW! THIS IS IT! THOSE MEN-- ON THAT TINY ISLAND--- HERE IS WHERE THE SHOWDOWN COMES IN--



---BUT THE WILY JAPANESE AIR OFFICER IS NOT SO ENTHUSIASTIC---

WAIT! HOW DO YOU KNOW THAT THIS IS NOT A YANKEE TRICK ??

BUT IT ISS PART OF THE LEGEND---WE MUST LET HIM LAND---



LET HIM LAND-- WHY NOT--? IF IT ISS A TRICK VE HAF MANY WAYS OF DISPOSING HIM-- JA--!

A SENSIBLE SUGGESTION--BUT EXTREME CAUTION MUST BE EMPLOYED---



A FEW MINUTES LATER, AND CAPTAIN AERO LOOKS DOWN IN ASTONISHMENT--

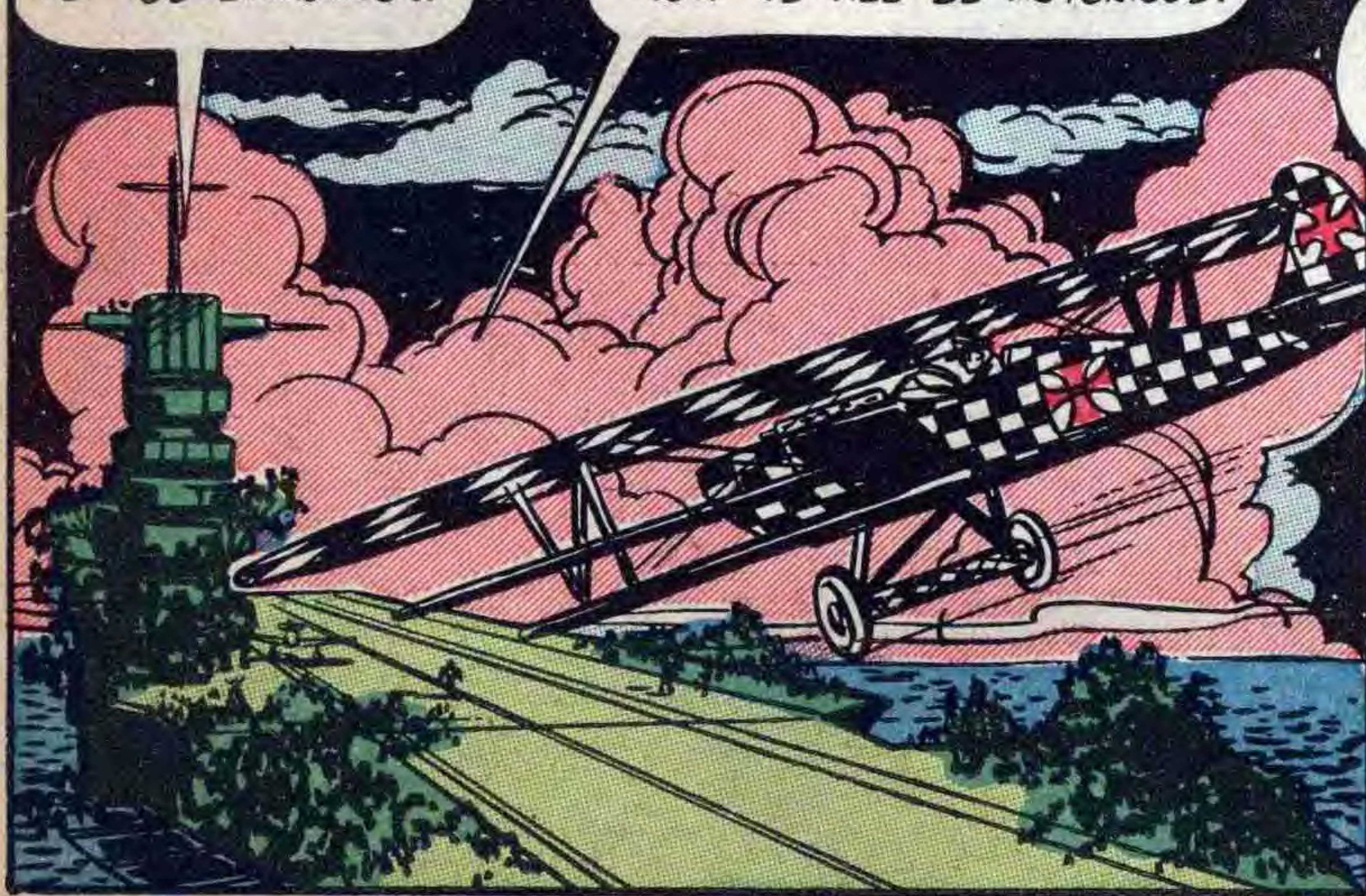
I GET IT! A CARRIER BUILT LIKE A **FLOATING ISLAND!** AND NOW THEY'RE OPENING UP FOR ME--THEY WANT ME TO LAND---



WITH DEXTERITY BORN OF MANY FLYING YEARS, CAPTAIN AERO BEGINS TO SET THE ANCIENT WARPLANE DOWN---

HE ISS LANDING! HE ISS LANDING!!

OUR LEADER IS RETURNING! NOW VE VILL BE VICTORIOUS!



A PASTED ON WAX-MOUSTACHE-- DARK CIRCLES RUBBED UNDER HIS EYES-- A GERMAN OFFICER'S HAT OF WORLD WAR I--- AND. LOOK --- !!

WITH THIS GET-UP I SHOULD BE ABLE TO FOOL THEM-- I HOPE---



A FEW MINUTES LATER---AFTER THE PLANE HAS LANDED---

I HAVE ARRIVED--- I WANT ALL OF YOU TO STAND AT ATTENTION, WHILE I SPEAK TO YOUR SUPERIOR OFFICERS---

WELCOME, BARON VON RICHTOFEN--- OUR QUARTERS ARE AT YOUR DISPOSAL---

LEAD ME THERE AT ONCE!

I DON'T WANT THESE MEN TO MOVE UNTIL WE HAVE FINISHED OUR DISCUSSION! YOU UNDERSTAND, CAPTAIN---

JAWHOL, HERR BARON, IT ISS AN ORDER!

LATER---IN THE OFFICER'S QUARTERS---

WHAT IS IT YOU DESIRE, **BARON VON RICHTOFEN?**

I AM PLACING MYSELF IN COMMAND OF THIS AIR-CRAFT CARRIER! I WANT MY ORDERS CARRIED OUT!

NOT SO FAST--- I AM OF THE OPINION THAT YOU ARE AN IMPOSTER---IF YOU ARE A GHOST, THIS BULLET I'LL SEND THROUGH YOU WILL HAVE NO EFFECT---

YOU'LL SEND NO BULLETS THROUGH **ANYONE!**

MY LITTLE TRICK DIDN'T WORK, EH-- WE SHALL SEE!

AIEEEEE---

DONNERVETTER! VOT ISS ??

AND THE "SUPERIOR" OFFICERS GO DOWN BEFORE A HAIL OF HARD FLYING FISTS ---

UGH!!

THIS IS ONE STRATEGY I'M MASTER OF ---

THAT'LL KEEP 'EM COLD FOR ABOUT AN HOUR --- NOW, TO GET OUT OF HERE ---

GET INTO YOUR PLANES --- GET YOUR PLACES AND FOLLOW ME!!

JA WOHL. MEIN COMMANDANT!

AND ON THE SHIP'S DECK, THE SILENT AIRMEN WAIT, LITTLE DREAMING OF WHAT IS GOING ON BELOW

AND A SHORT TIME AFTERWARD, A STRANGE PROCESSION OF PLANES TAKES TO THE AIR ---

BUT ALMOST FROM OUT OF NOWHERE, A SQUADRON OF AMERICAN INTERCEPTORS APPEAR --- AND A WILD AIR BATTLE TAKES PLACE ---

WE HAF BEEN TRICKED!!

TURN BACK!! TURN BACK!!

DON'T LET 'EM GET AWAY, BOY!

IT HAD TO WORK! THOSE NAZIS WILL BELIEVE ANYTHING --- BUT THE JAP HAD ME FIGURED OUT, THOUGH ---

WE BLASTED THAT SHIP OUT OF THE OCEAN, BESIDES DESTROYING ALL THE PLANES!

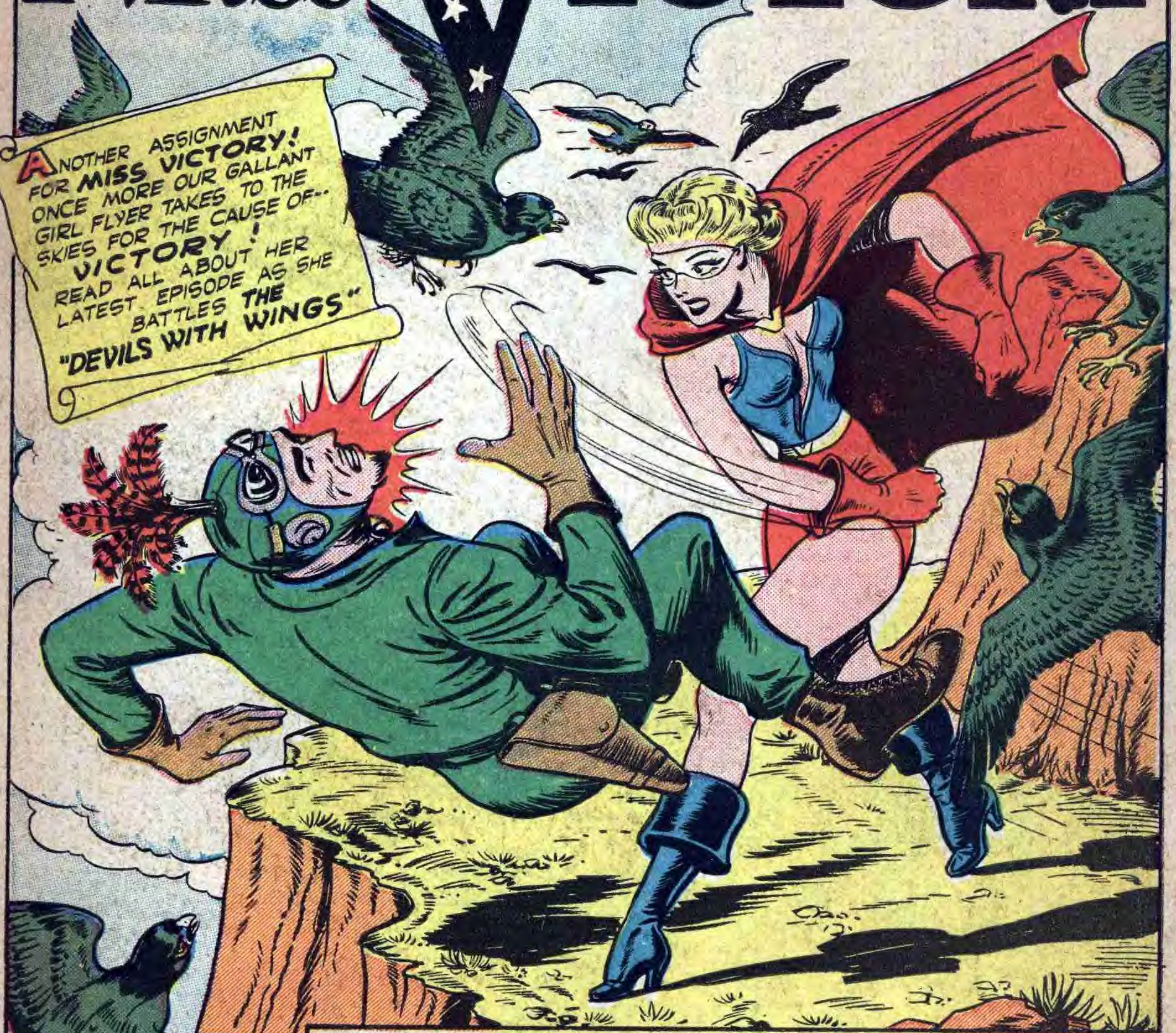
WELL --- THAT'S ANOTHER MENACE GONE!

THANKS TO CAPTAIN AERO!!

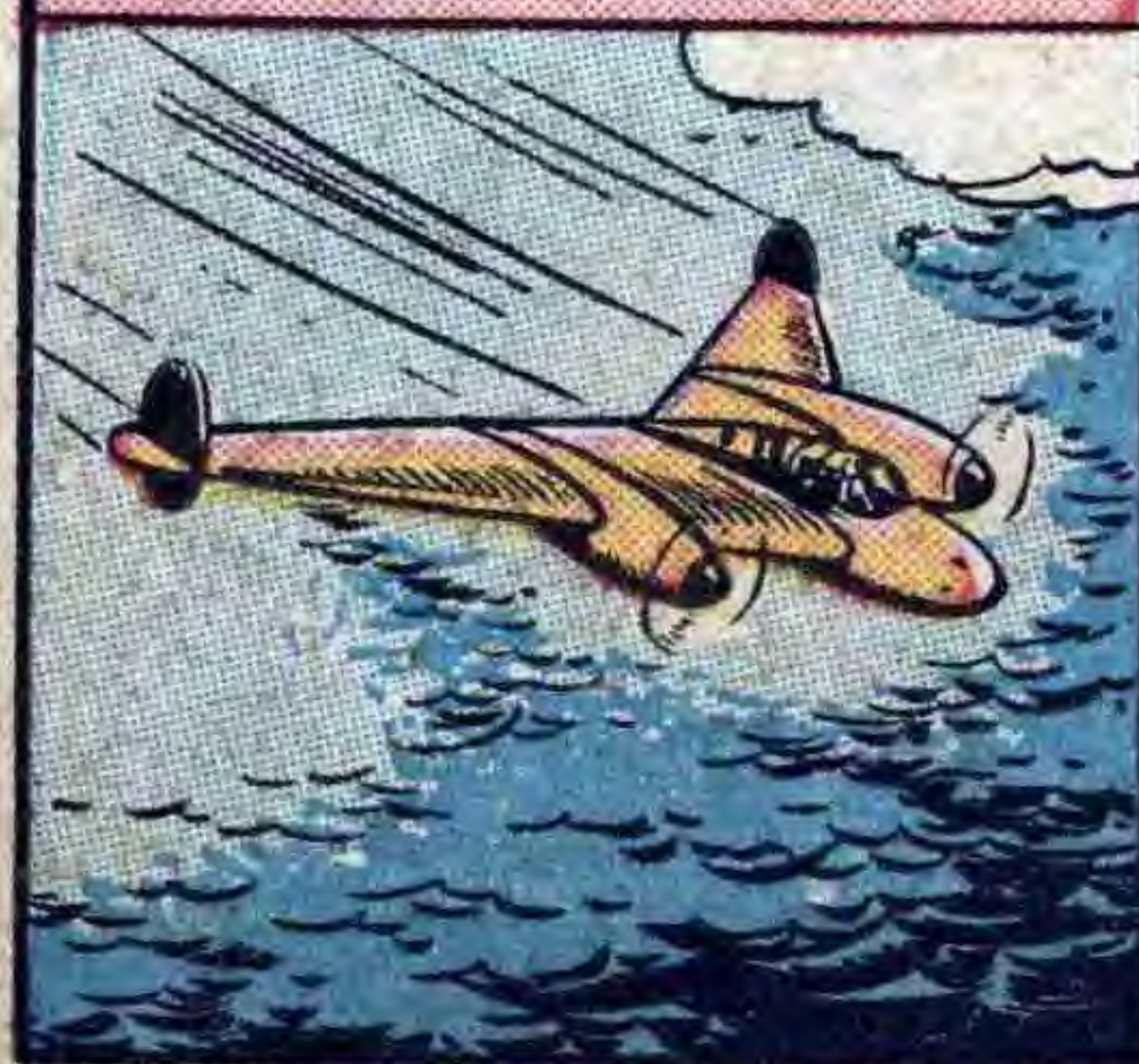
BACK THE ATTACK TO AN EARLY VICTORY! BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS!

Miss VICTORY

ANOTHER ASSIGNMENT FOR MISS VICTORY! ONCE MORE OUR GALLANT GIRL FLYER TAKES TO THE SKIES FOR THE CAUSE OF--
VICTORY!
READ ALL ABOUT HER LATEST EPISODE AS SHE BATTLES THE "DEVILS WITH WINGS"



OUR STORY OPENS AS MISS VICTORY'S STRANGELY DESIGNED PLANE IS WINGING ITS WAY ACROSS THE BROAD ATLANTIC--



THIS IS JOAN WAYNE, FORMER STENOGRAPHER ON CAPITOL HILL, BUT NOW **CAPT. JOAN WAYNE!** AND IN REALITY THE FABULOUS **MISS VICTORY!**

THESE JOBS THEY GIVE ME SURE HAVE ME TRAVELING AROUND -- I WONDER WHY COLONEL KINGSLEY WANTS TO SEE ME IN SUCH A HURRY IN LONDON?



Nina Albright

THE FOLLOWING DAY, IN COLONEL KINGSLEY'S OFFICE IN LONDON.

THIS IS BY FAR ONE OF THE **ODDEST** ASSIGNMENTS YOU COULD HAVE BEEN GIVEN. BUT WITH YOUR DARING AND RESOURCEFULNESS WE HAVE LITTLE OR NO FEAR OF THE OUTCOME!

WHAT IS IT, COLONEL KINGSLEY?

OBSERVE, MISS WAYNE, THIS CARRIER PIGEON, OF WHICH WE HAVE THOUSANDS. NOW, ONE WOULD THINK THAT IN THESE DAYS OF RADIO AND OTHER MARVELOUS DEVICES FOR RELAYING MESSAGES, THE CARRIER PIGEON NO LONGER WOULD BE USEFUL. **BUT IT IS NOT TRUE**, MY DEAR! THESE BIRDS FORM A VITAL INTELLIGENCE ARM TO OUR FIGHTING UNITS IN THE FIELD!

AND WHAT'S THE PROBLEM, COLONEL?

CARRIER PIGEON

DURING THE PAST THIRTY DAYS **NOT ONE** CARRIER PIGEON RETURNED FROM OUR FIGHTING LINES--EACH CARRIED VALUABLE INFORMATION THAT THE ENEMY COULD USE! **SOME DEVICE HAS BEEN PERFECTED TO COMPLETELY ERADICATE THESE BIRDS FROM THE SKY!** AND WE **MUST** KNOW THE REASON! WE **NEED** THESE BIRDS!

HAVE YOU CLUES OF ANY KIND?

NONE WHATSOEVER! MY PLAN WAS FOR YOU TO TAKE A RUN OUT TO THE SCENE OF ACTION AND TRY TO DO A LITTLE OBSERVING FROM A HIGH ALTITUDE. WE'LL RELEASE A CERTAIN NUMBER OF BIRDS AT A GIVEN TIME, AND YOU OBSERVE WHAT HAPPENS TO THEM! IN YOUR PLANE YOU'LL BE SAFE FROM FLAK AND FIGHTERS!

THE FOLLOWING DAY, SOMEWHERE OVER THE EUROPEAN INVASION TERRITORY--

THIS IS A STRANGE ASSIGNMENT--I WONDER IF--

IT'S THE PIGEONS ALL RIGHT! THE COLONEL TIMED THIS PERFECTLY!

AS JOAN WATCHES THE PIGEONS CLIMB HIGH INTO THE HEAVENS TO RACE TOWARD THEIR OBJECTIVE.

SO FAR, SO GOOD! NOW TO KEEP MY EYE ON THEM!



NOTHING SEEMS TO BE WRONG. THEY'RE FLYING AS THEY ALWAYS HAVE!
HEY! WHAT'S THAT?



SWOOPING UP FROM A CLUMP OF TREES COMES WHAT AT FIRST APPEARS TO BE A FLIGHT OF WINGED METEORS.



WHAT KIND OF STRANGE BIRDS ARE THOSE?
WHY!!! THEY'RE GOING TO ATTACK THE PIGEONS!!



JOAN IS RIGHT! BEFORE MANY MINUTES HAVE ELAPSED, A TERRIFIC AIR BATTLE TAKES PLACE-- BUT IT IS ENTIRELY ONE-SIDED!



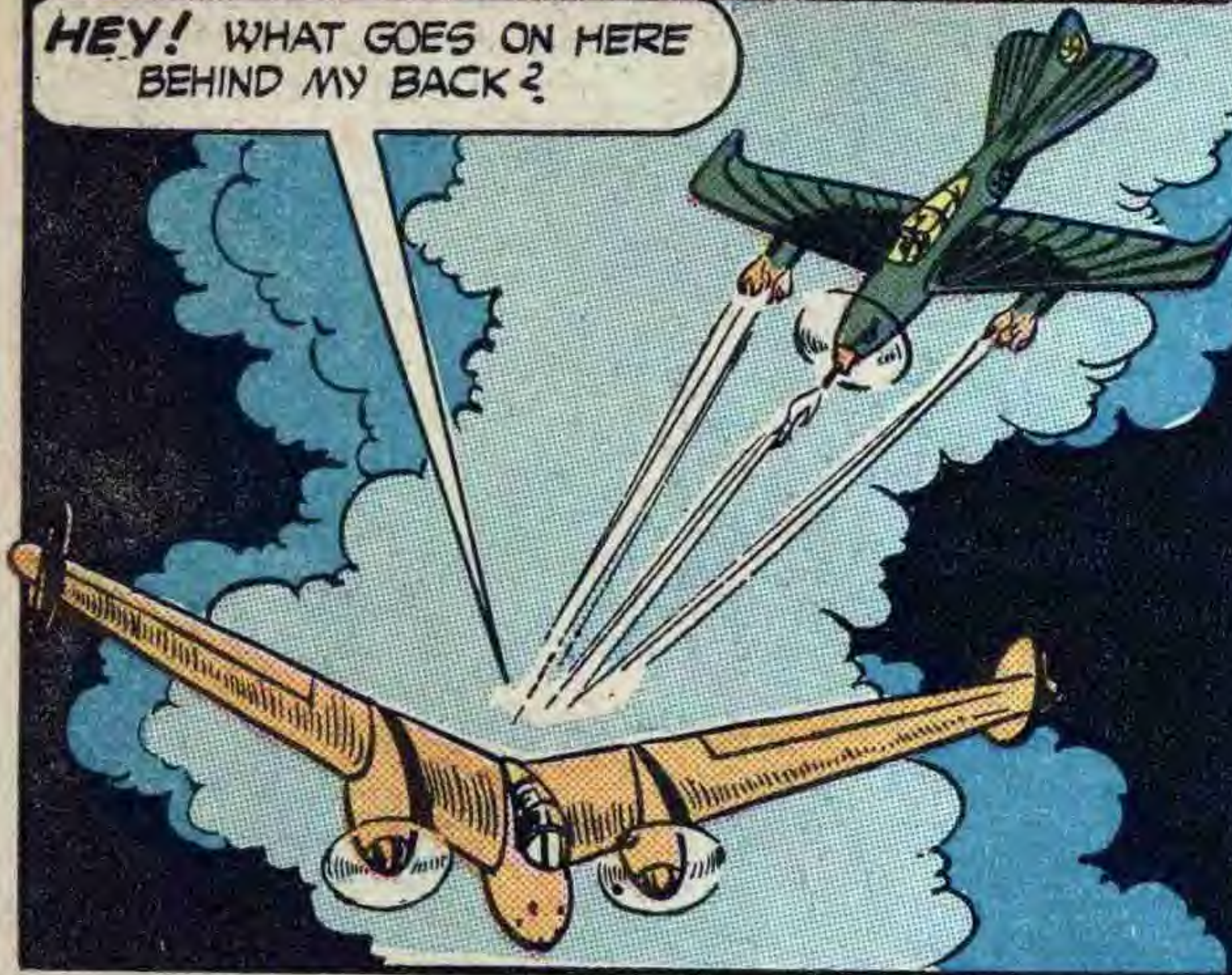
PREPARING HER PLANE FOR A POWER DIVE, JOAN WAYNE LOOKS GRIMLY AHEAD AT THE SCENE OF WINGED DEATH IN FRONT OF HER--

THE LEAST I CAN DO IS BREAK IT UP-- MAYBE THAT'LL SCATTER THE OTHERS -- I HOPE!



BUT, AS A CHALLENGE TO HER PURPOSE, **ANOTHER** PLANE STREAKS OUT OF THE CLOUDS--ITS DEADLY FIRE-POWER CENTERED ON THE "VICTORY" SHIP!

HEY! WHAT GOES ON HERE BEHIND MY BACK?



CLIMBING OUT OF RANGE OF THE DEADLY MACHINE GUNS, JOAN WAYNE LOOKS BACK AT HER ASSAILANT.

SOMEONE WANTS TO **FIGHT** WHILE ALL THIS IS GOING ON! VERY WELL! HE'LL GET HIS WISH--AND HE'LL FIGHT **MISS VICTORY!**



--AND THE SKY DUEL BEGINS! WITH TWO BRILLIANT AIR ADVERSARIES IN COMPLETE CONTROL OF THEIR MAGNIFICENT AIRCRAFT.

HE WANTED TO **FIGHT**, WELL HE'LL **GET IT!**



THE WHINE OF MACHINE GUN BULLETS FROM THE TWO PLANES CAUSES THE FEATHERED AIR BATTLE TO END. THE CHALLENGERS SPEED AWAY SCREAMING DEFIANCE--

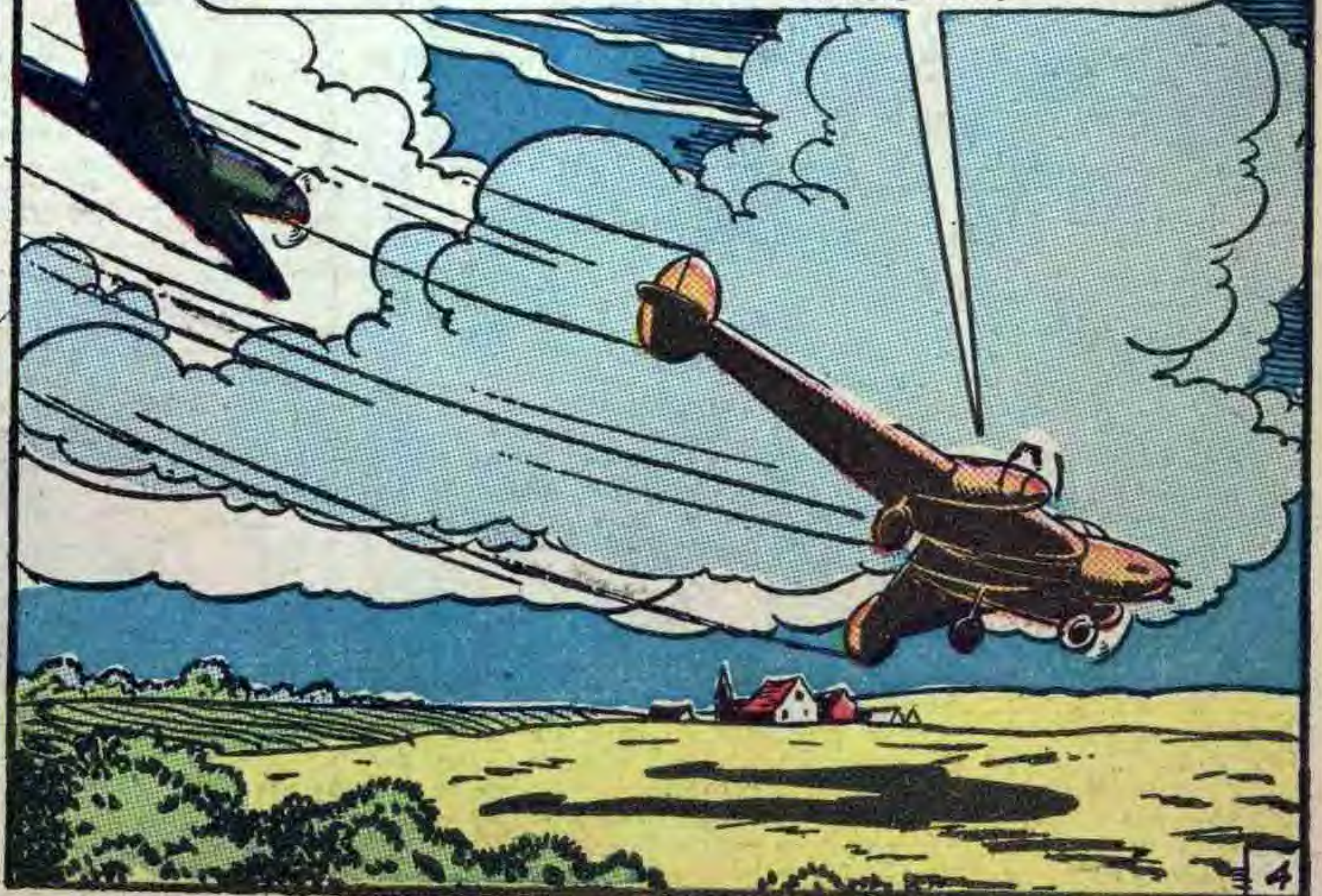


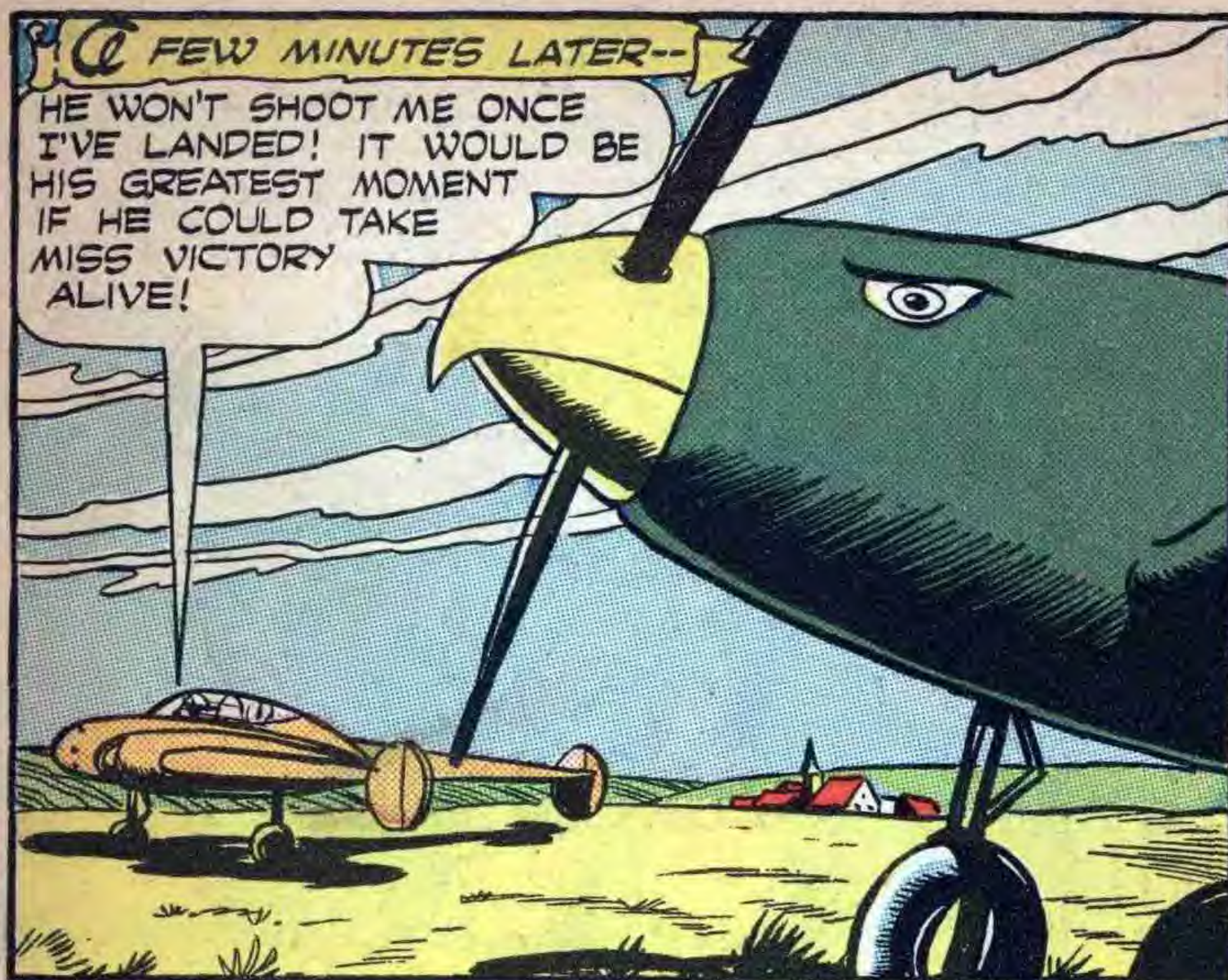
AND MISS VICTORY TAKES A HASTY LOOK IN BETWEEN ROUNDS OF THE BATTLE--

WELL, I BROKE UP THAT FIGHT ANYWAY! BUT I STILL DON'T KNOW THE **REASON!** THERE'S ONE THING I HAVE TO DO SUCCESSFULLY--



--AND THAT'S TO GET HIM TO **FORCE** ME DOWN! IF I'M GOING TO GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS THING, I'LL HAVE TO START ON THE **GROUND!**





SO-- YOU **WON'T** BE A PEACEFUL PRISONER OF WAR! VERY WELL, YOU SHALL BE A **DEAD ONE!!!**

MAYBE!



AGAIN THE MIGHTY "VICTORY PUNCH" IS LASHED OUT-- THIS TIME WITH A TWO-FOLD WALLOP!

THIS IS GETTING TO BE TIRESOME!

AGGHHRRR-R
KREEE-E-E



A HALF HOUR LATER--

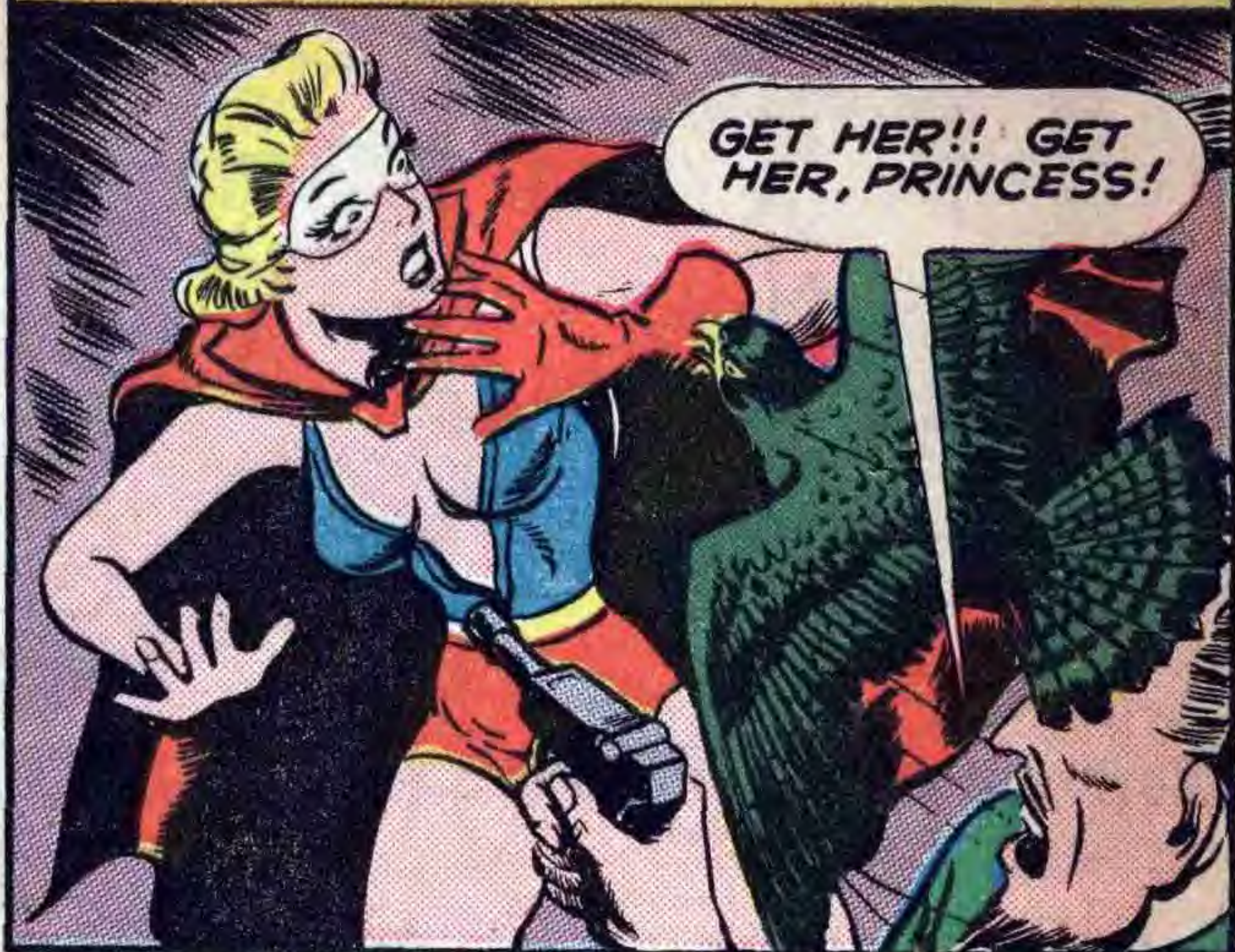
NICE LITTLE STUNT! USING FALCONS--THE FASTEST OF HUNTING BIRDS TO KILL OFF CARRIER PIGEONS! WHAT A **GREAT** HUNTER YOU ARE!!

WHAT A DISGRACE! WHAT A DISGRACE!



LIKE A SCREECHING FLASH OF FEATHERED FURY, THE FALCON HURLS ITSELF AT OUR GALLANT GIRL FLYER.

GET HER!! GET HER, PRINCESS!



THAT WALLOP HE GOT FROM THAT ROCK WILL KEEP HIM OUT COLD FOR HOURS. NOW TO GET HIM IN MY PLANE AND FOLLOW THAT FALCON!



THE FOLLOWING DAY, IN COLONEL KINGSLEY'S OFFICE.

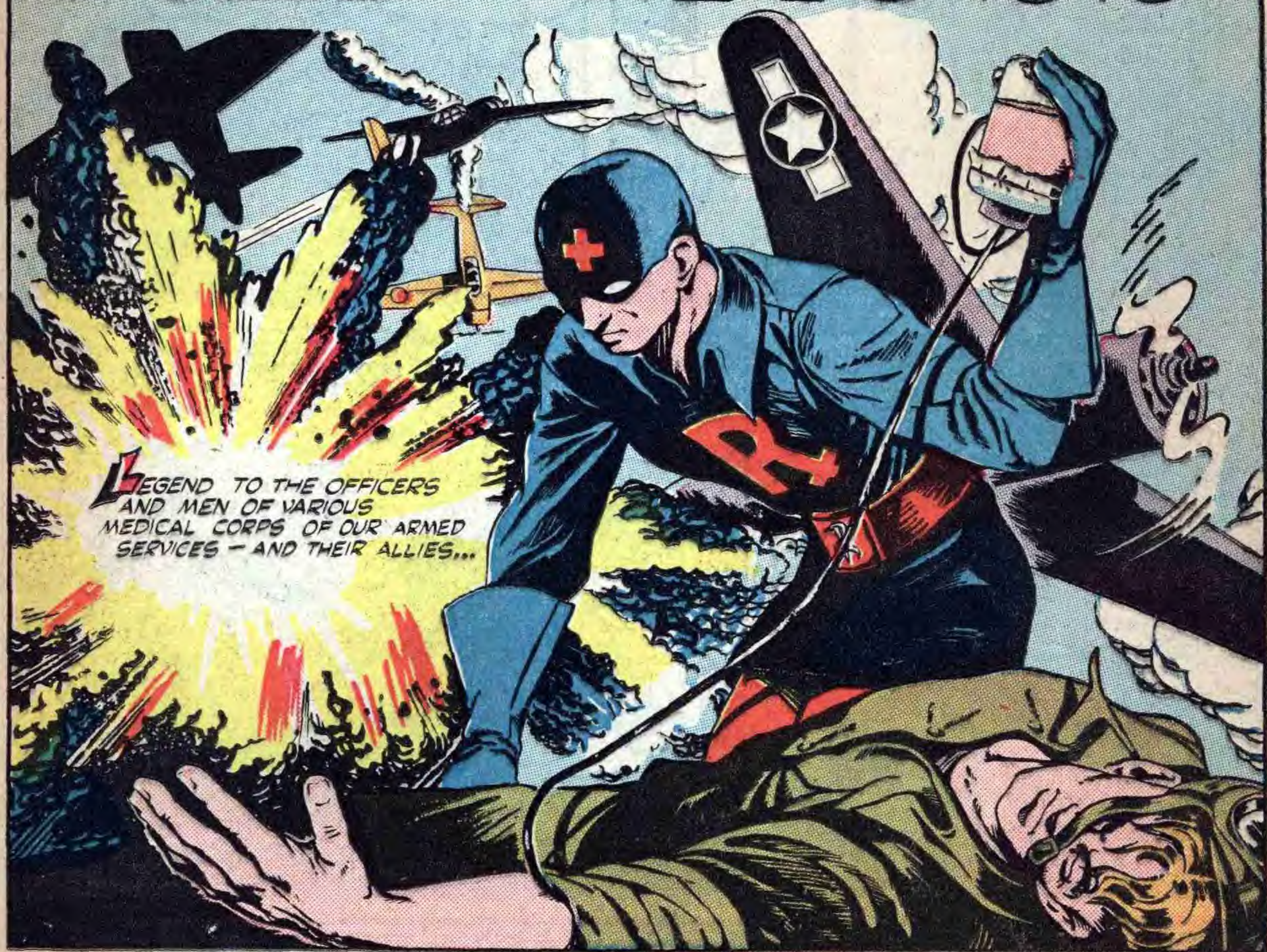
IT WAS WONDERFUL HOW YOU ACCOMPLISHED SO MUCH IN SUCH A FEW HOURS, MISS WAYNE! OUR STRAFERS AND BOMBERS HAVE COMPLETELY WIPED OUT THE FALCON AVIARY-- THE MENACE IS OVER THANKS TO YOU!

HERE'S MY MOTTO, COLONEL! "V" FOR VICTORY-- THE SOONER WE SHORTEN THE WAR, THE BETTER!

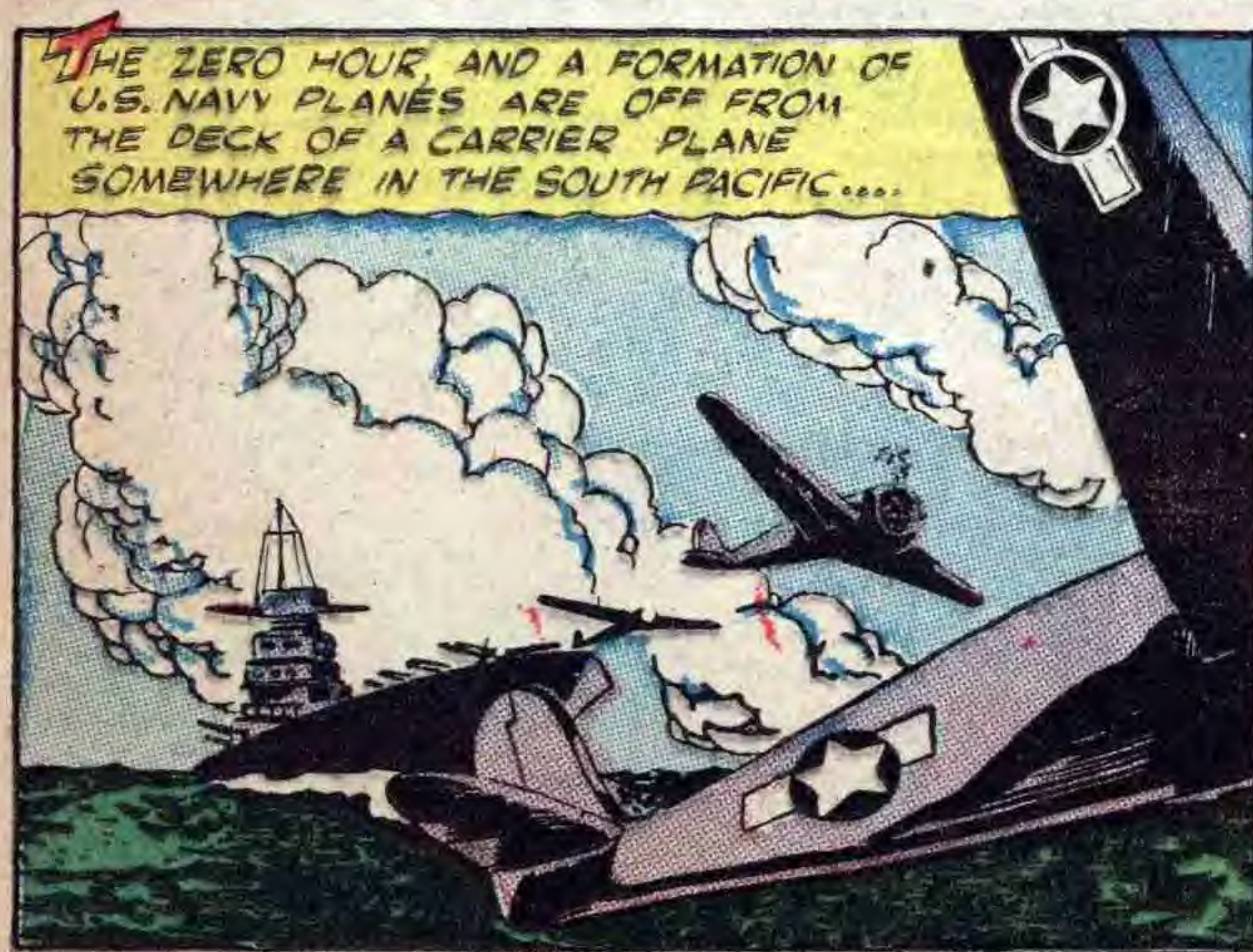


LET'S ALL KEEP BUYING MORE AND MORE 'WAR BONDS AND STAMPS!!

RED CROSS



LEGEND TO THE OFFICERS
AND MEN OF VARIOUS
MEDICAL CORPS OF OUR ARMED
SERVICES - AND THEIR ALLIES...



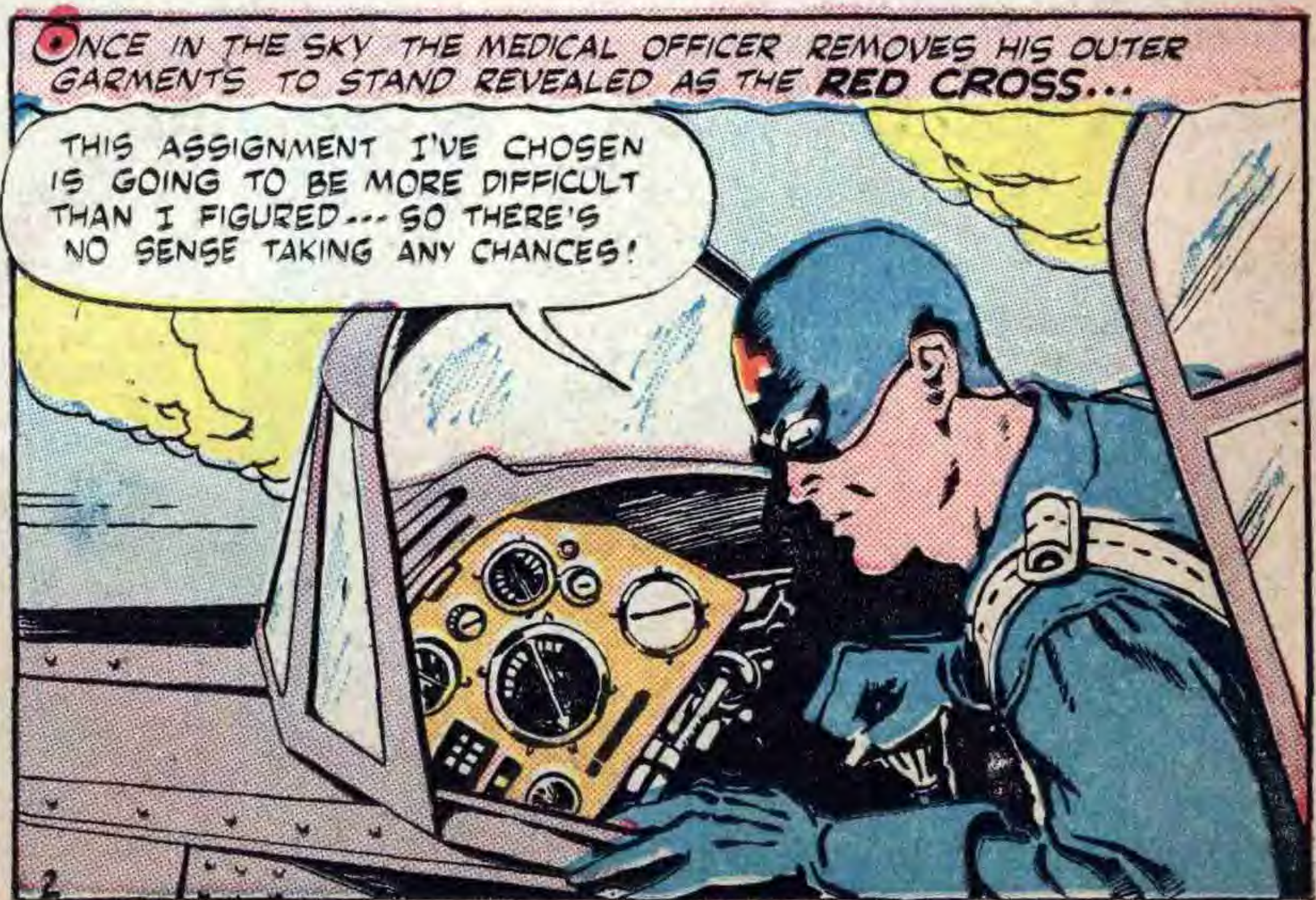
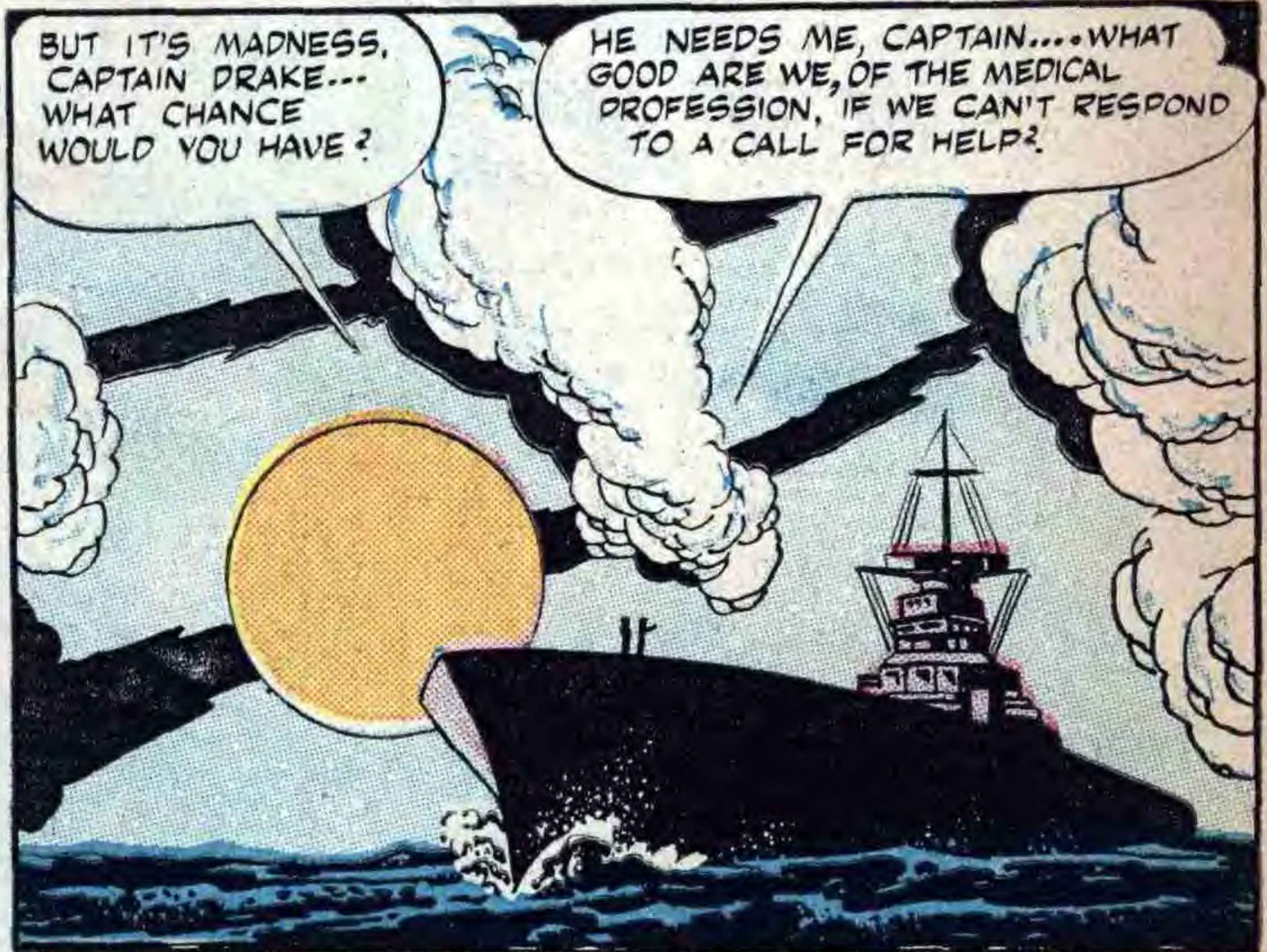
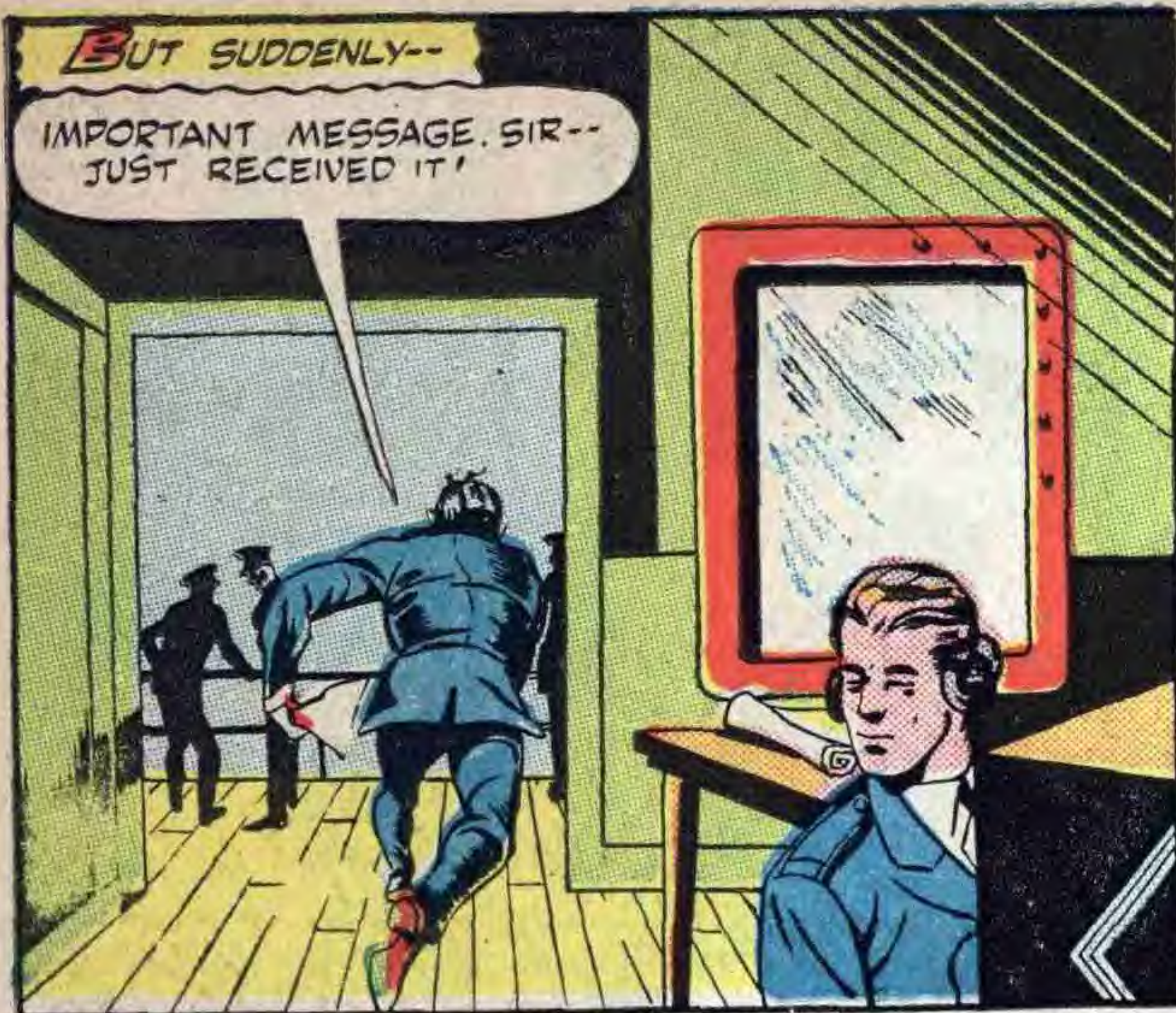
THE ZERO HOUR, AND A FORMATION OF
U.S. NAVY PLANES ARE OFF FROM
THE DECK OF A CARRIER PLANE
SOMEWHERE IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC...

AND WATCHING THIS DISPLAY OF ARMED MIGHT,
IS CAPT. JOHN DRAKE, MEDICAL OFFICER
EXTRAORDINARY, AND, IN REALITY --
THE RED CROSS!

THAT'S THE LAST
BATCH TO GO,
CAPTAIN DRAKE--
THE SHIP IS
CLEANED OUT OF
ALL ITS PLANES
NOW---

BET THOSE BOYS ARE
GOING TO GIVE THOSE
NIPS A LICKING---WAIT AND
SEE--





MEANWHILE ON THE DOWNED WRECKAGE OF A
NAVY FIGHTER NEARBY--

RADIO'S DEAD--- I HOPE THE MESSAGE
GOT ACROSS 'CAUSE I'VE GOT A
FEELING THAT THOSE SQUINTS ARE
GOING TO USE ME FOR
TARGET PRACTICE!



APPARENTLY, THE PILOT IS RIGHT--- BECAUSE AT
THAT MOMENT--ON A JAP SUBMARINE
LURKING NEARBY----

THERE IS NO USE
IN OUR TAKING HIM
PRISONER--WE WILL
RISK EXPOSING
OURSELVES!

NONSENSE! WE ARE
QUITE SAFE HERE--
BESIDES--THIS STUPID
YANKEE MIGHT HAVE
INFORMATION VALUABLE
TO US---



LOOK!! A YANKEE FLYER HAS COME
TO RESCUE HIM WITH A SEAPLANE!!
FULL SPEED AHEAD!! WE WILL
CAPTURE THEM **BOTH!**



YEOWEE!! AM I SEEING THINGS?
BOY WHAT A BREAK!

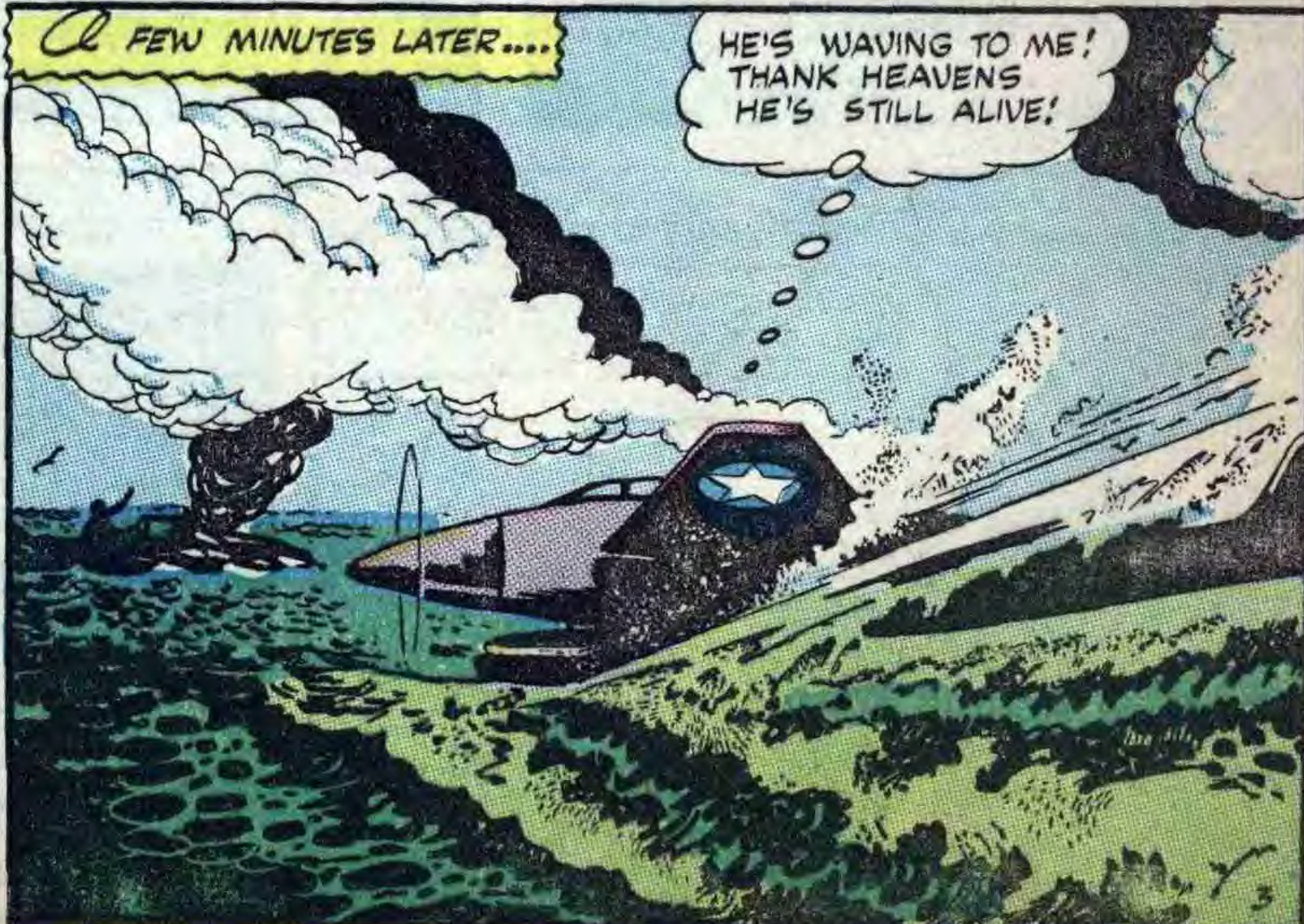


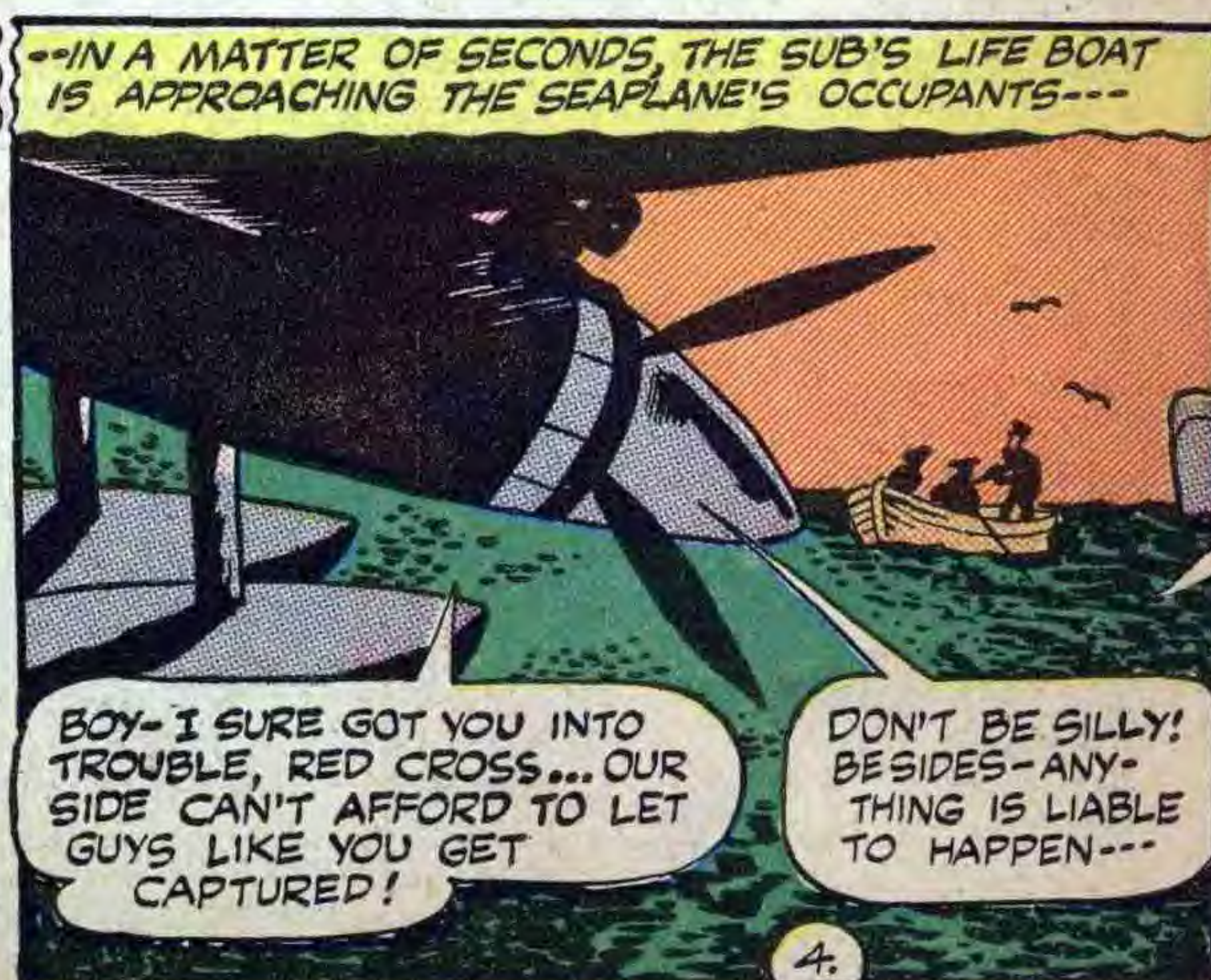
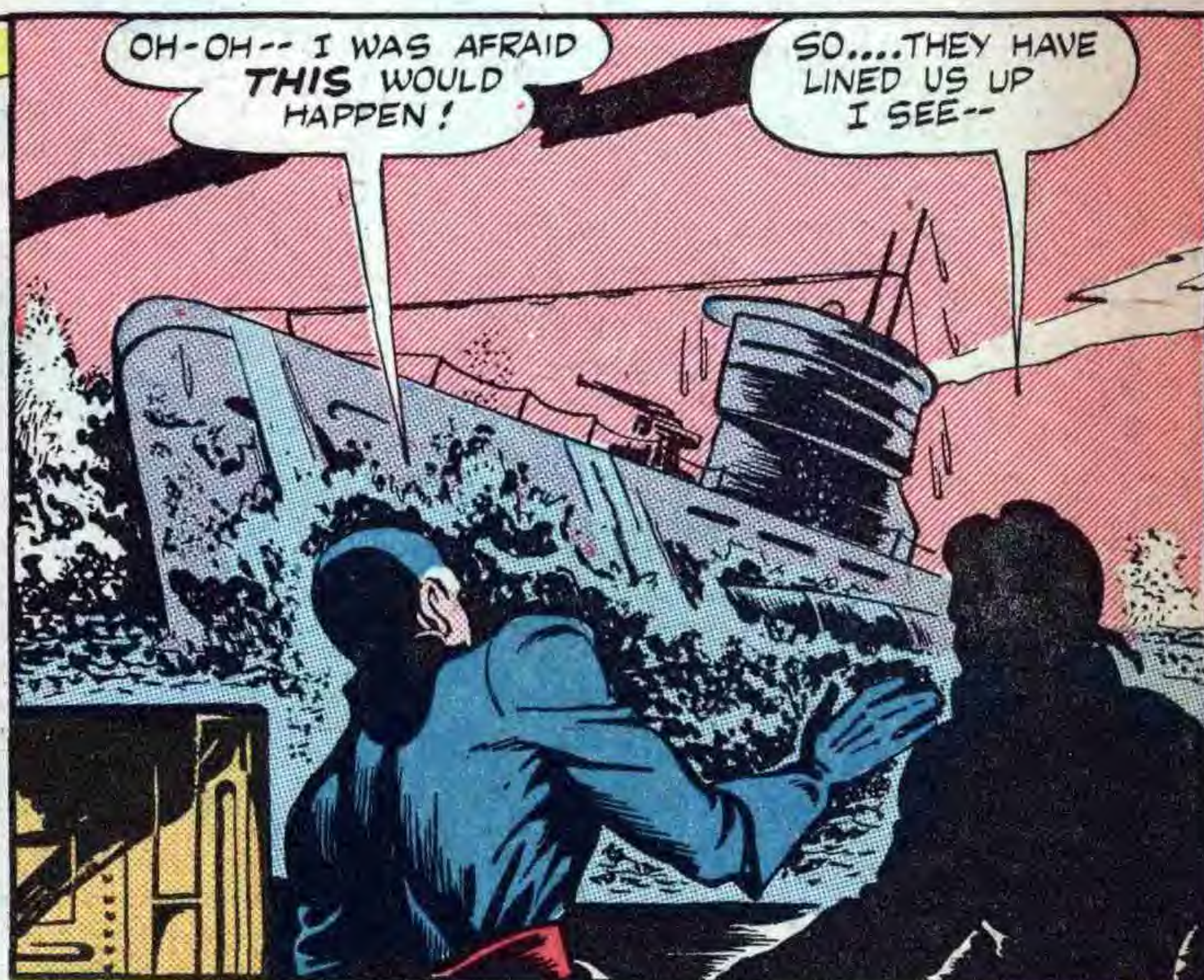
THAT'S HIM ALL RIGHT...! I DON'T
SEE SIGNS OF A SUB THOUGH--
PROBABLY THEY'VE SUBMERGED
PRETTY DEEP--- WELL, HERE GOES!

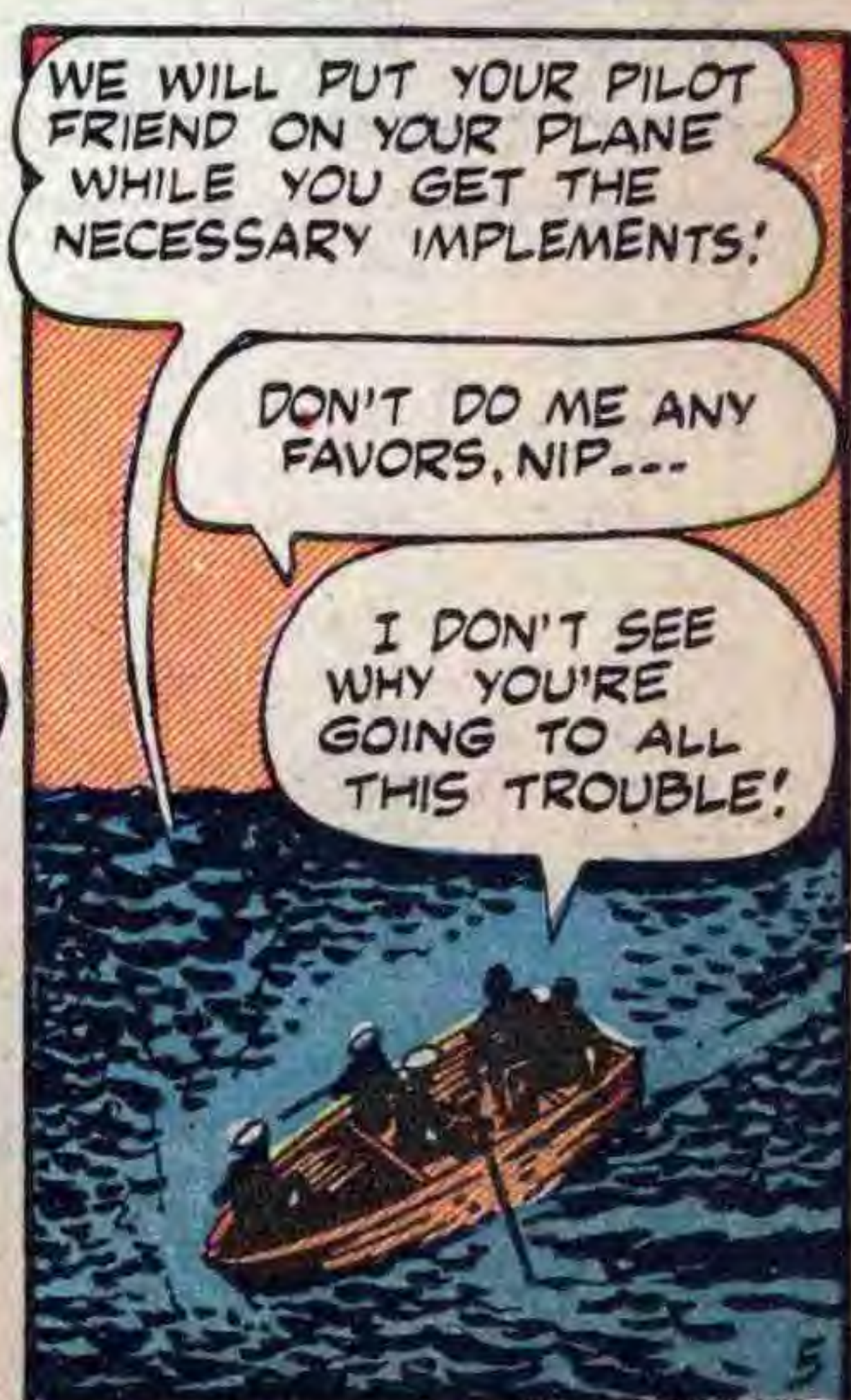
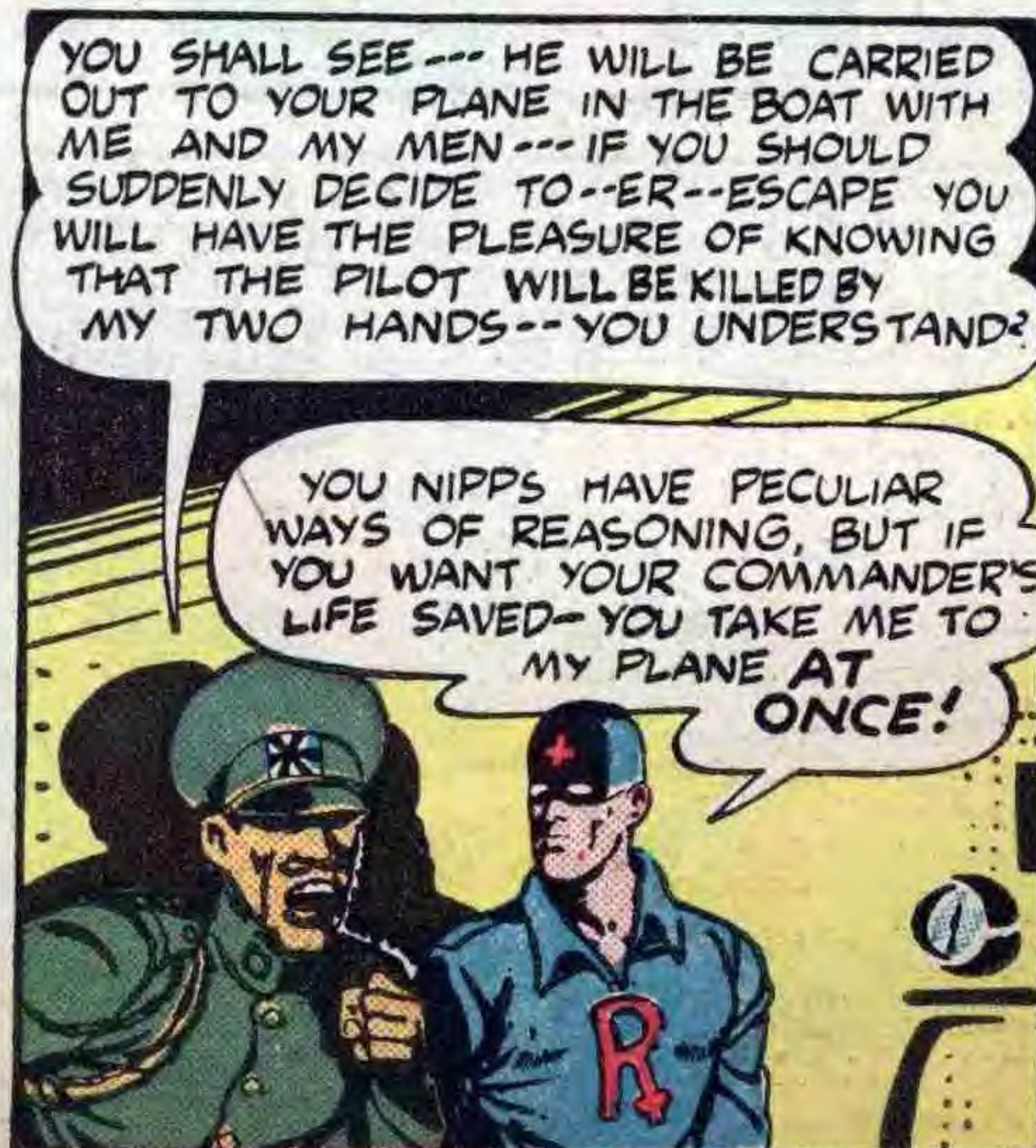


A FEW MINUTES LATER....

HE'S WAVING TO ME!
THANK HEAVENS
HE'S STILL ALIVE!









ARRIVING AT THE PLANE, THE OFFICER'S ORDERS ARE QUICKLY CARRIED OUT...

EASY WITH THEM-- EASY!

YOU TWO MEN WILL GO BACK TO THE BOAT, AND AWAIT YOUR ORDERS

YES, HONORED CAPTAIN!

--AND LATER, WHEN THE THREE ARE IN THE PLANE....

THAT'S RIGHT... YOU HEARD ME... START YOUR MOTOR, AND GET THIS PLANE MOVING!

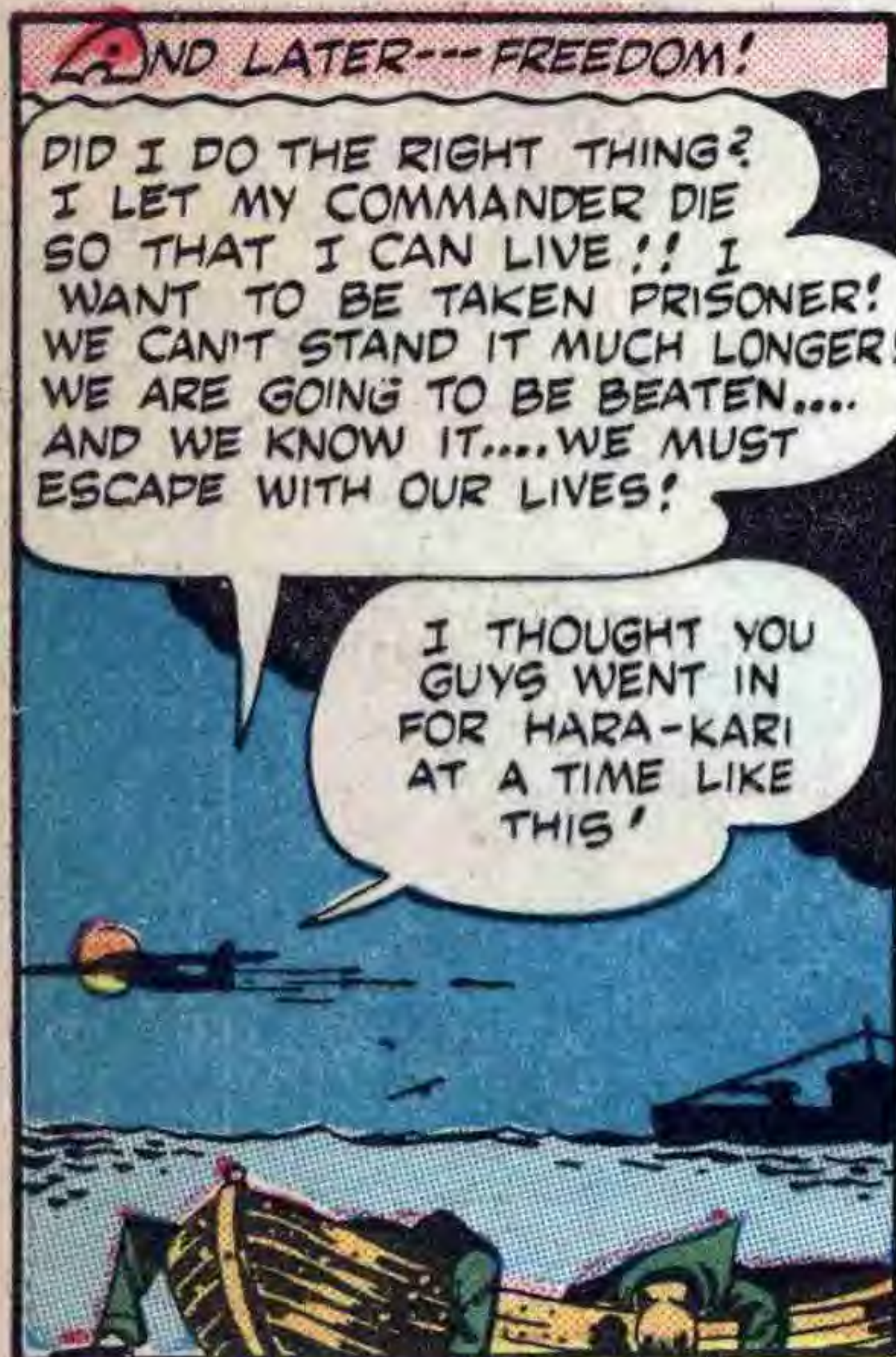
IF YOU SAY SO! BUT WHAT ABOUT YOUR DYING COMMANDANT?



--FOR AN ANSWER, THE NIPPONESE OFFICER TURNS THE PLANE'S GUN OUT OF THE WINDOW, AND SENDS A HAIL OF LEAD INTO THE SUBMARINE'S BOAT....

THIS IS WHAT I THINK OF MY COMMANDER AND EVERYTHING CONNECTED WITH THIS FRUITLESS WAR!

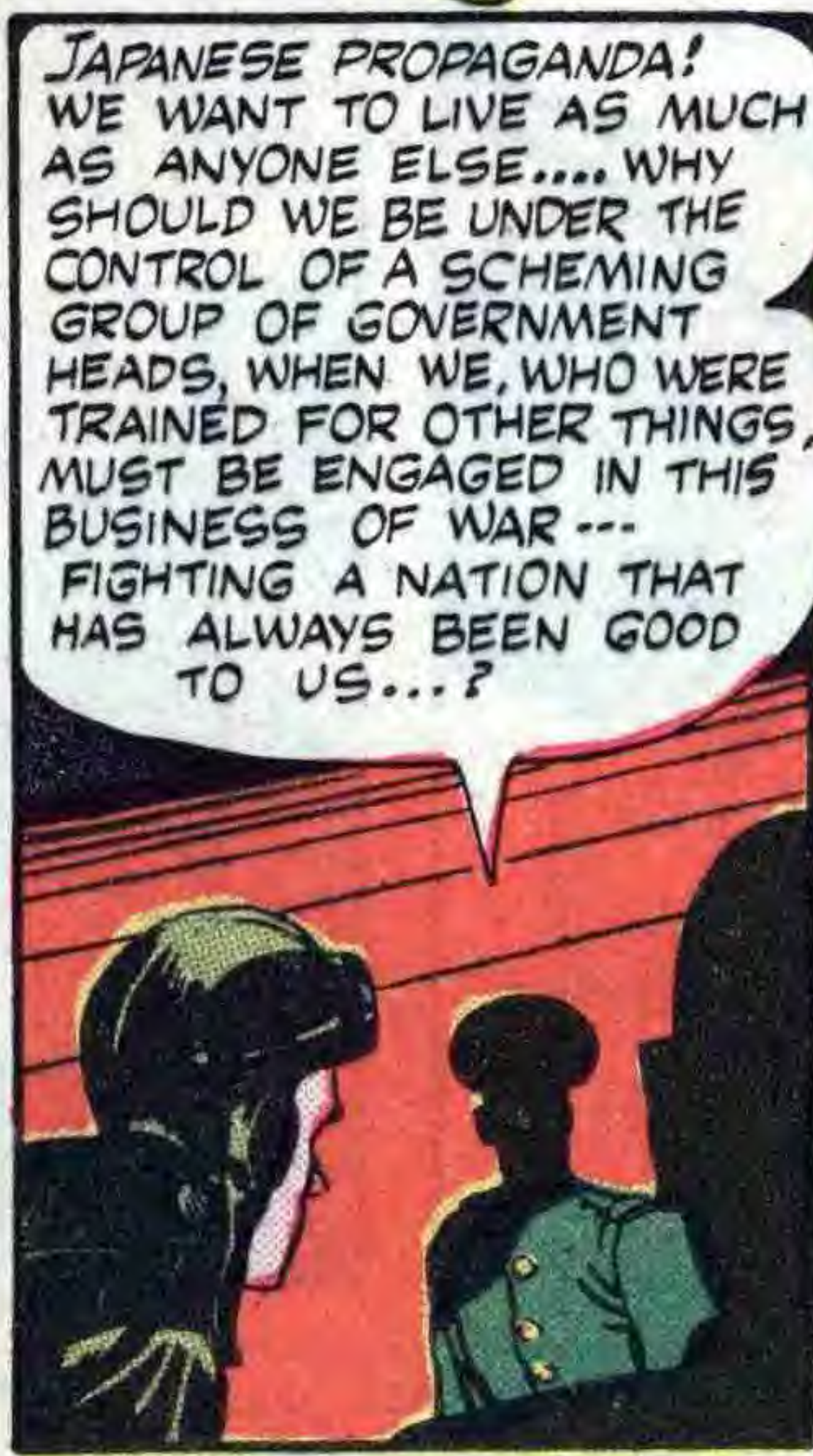
ARGHHHHH!



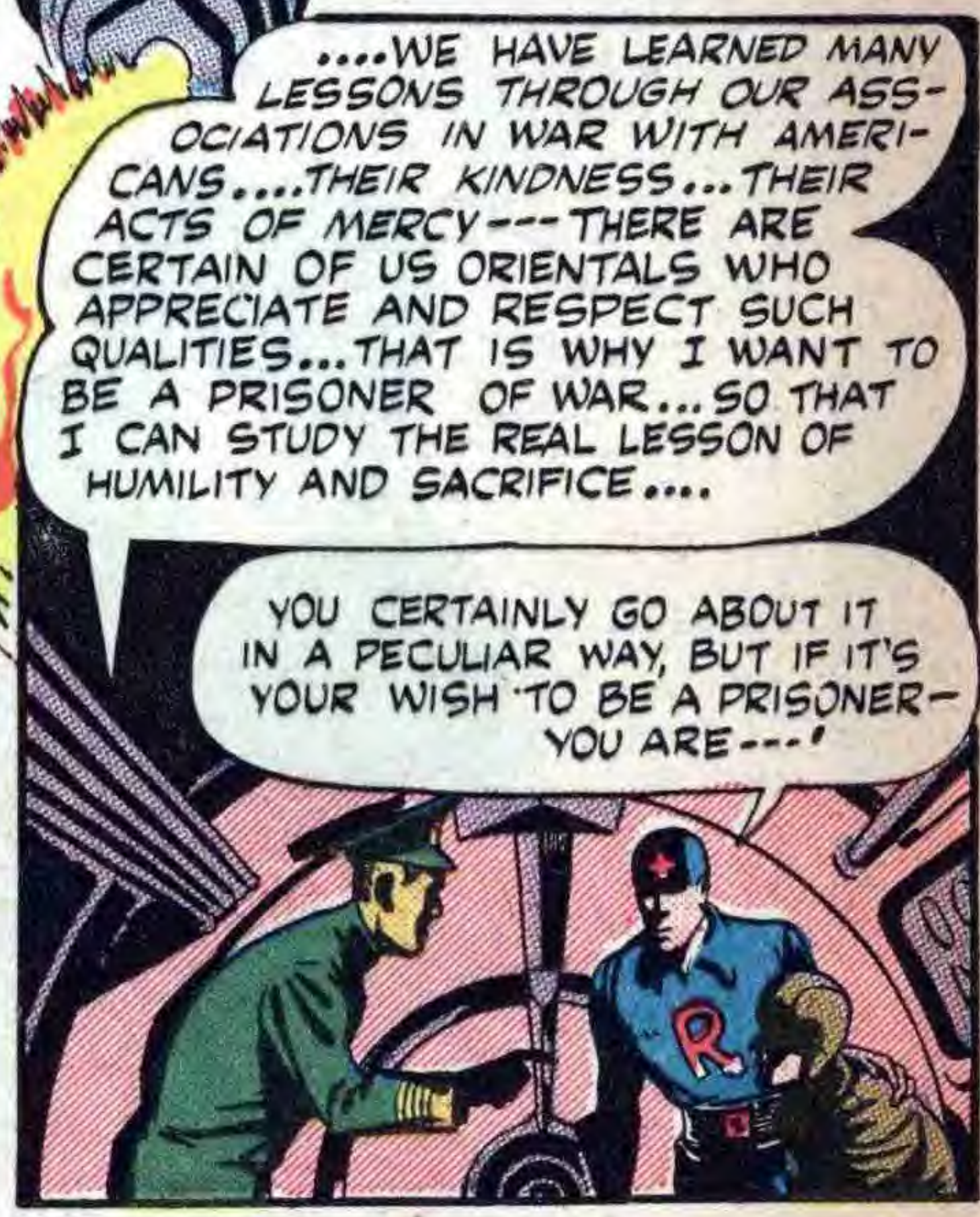
AND LATER--- FREEDOM!

DID I DO THE RIGHT THING? I LET MY COMMANDER DIE SO THAT I CAN LIVE!! I WANT TO BE TAKEN PRISONER! WE CAN'T STAND IT MUCH LONGER! WE ARE GOING TO BE BEATEN... AND WE KNOW IT... WE MUST ESCAPE WITH OUR LIVES!

I THOUGHT YOU GUYS WENT IN FOR HARA-KARI AT A TIME LIKE THIS!

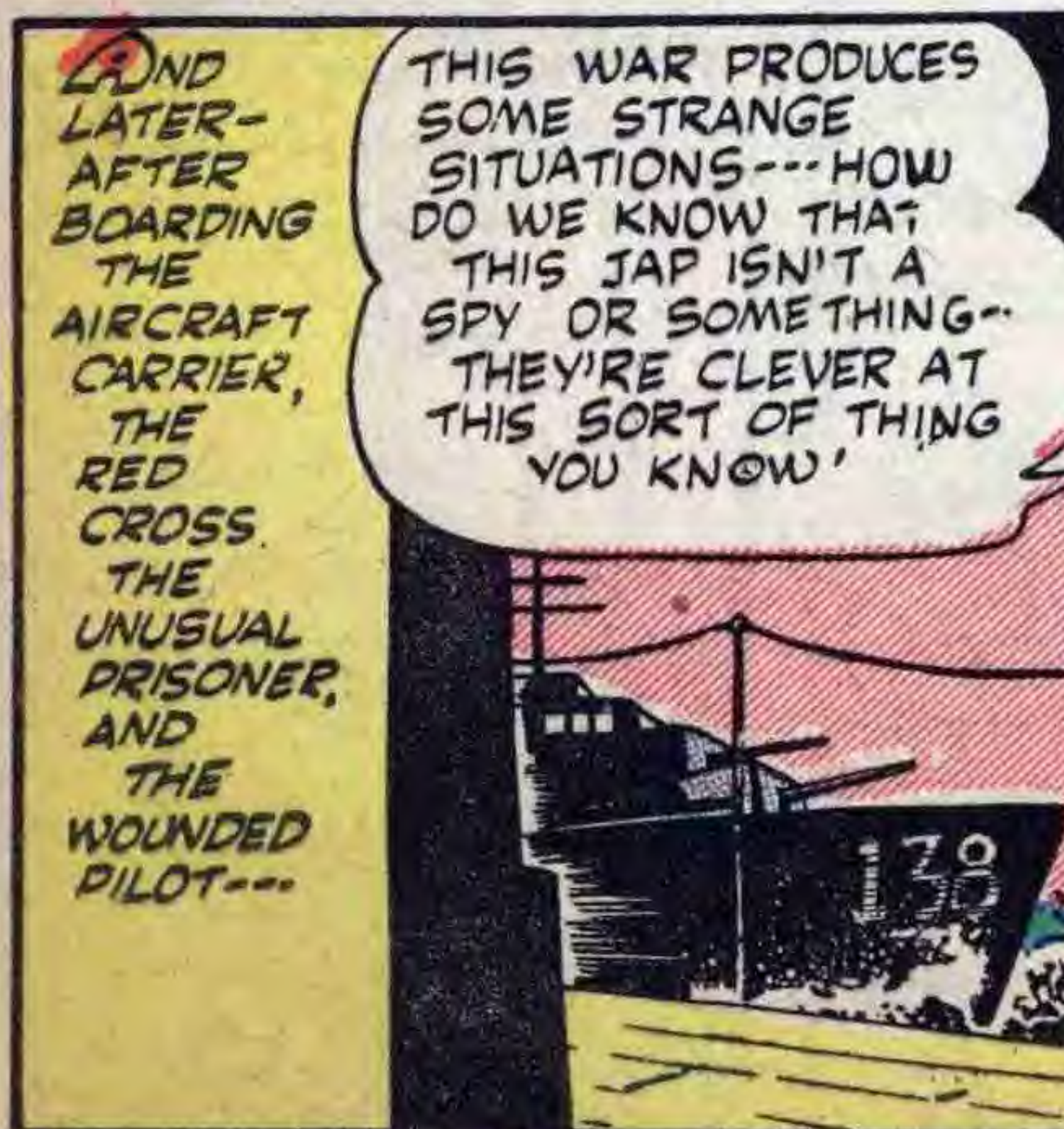


JAPANESE PROPAGANDA! WE WANT TO LIVE AS MUCH AS ANYONE ELSE.... WHY SHOULD WE BE UNDER THE CONTROL OF A SCHEMING GROUP OF GOVERNMENT HEADS, WHEN WE, WHO WERE TRAINED FOR OTHER THINGS, MUST BE ENGAGED IN THIS BUSINESS OF WAR--- FIGHTING A NATION THAT HAS ALWAYS BEEN GOOD TO US...?



....WE HAVE LEARNED MANY LESSONS THROUGH OUR ASSOCIATIONS IN WAR WITH AMERICANS.... THEIR KINDNESS... THEIR ACTS OF MERCY--- THERE ARE CERTAIN OF US ORIENTALS WHO APPRECIATE AND RESPECT SUCH QUALITIES... THAT IS WHY I WANT TO BE A PRISONER OF WAR... SO THAT I CAN STUDY THE REAL LESSON OF HUMILITY AND SACRIFICE....

YOU CERTAINLY GO ABOUT IT IN A PECULIAR WAY, BUT IF IT'S YOUR WISH TO BE A PRISONER-- YOU ARE---



AND LATER-- AFTER BOARDING THE AIRCRAFT CARRIER, THE RED CROSS THE UNUSUAL PRISONER, AND THE WOUNDED PILOT---

THIS WAR PRODUCES SOME STRANGE SITUATIONS--- HOW DO WE KNOW THAT THIS JAP ISN'T A SPY OR SOMETHING-- THEY'RE CLEVER AT THIS SORT OF THING YOU KNOW!



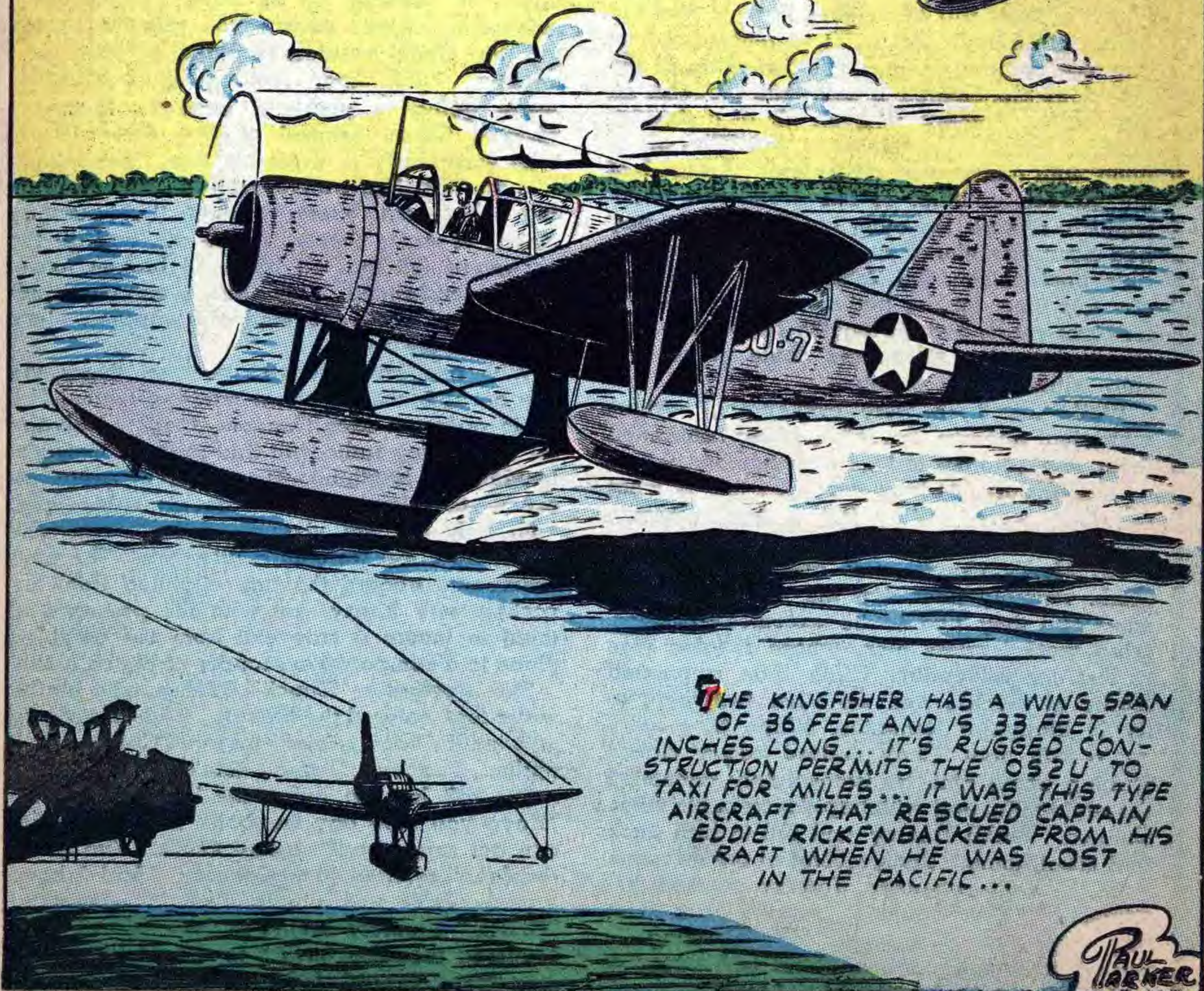
HE'S NO SPY-- HE'S ONLY A HUMAN BEING THAT IS TIRED OF WAR, AND ALL ITS BRUTALITY-- AND WANTS TO GET OUT OF IT ALL-- IF ONLY ALL OF THE PEOPLES OF THE AGGRESSOR NATIONS COULD THINK LIKE THAT, WE'D HAVE NO MORE WAR---

IS THE JAPANESE OFFICER A SPY PLAYING A DARING ROLE---? --OR IS HE A MEMBER OF AN AGGRESSOR NATION WHO HAS HAD HIS FILL OF THE BLOODTHIRSTY THING CALLED WAR!

DON'T MISS THE ASTOUNDING ADVENTURE OF THE RED CROSS IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF CAPTAIN AERO COMICS!

KINGFISHER

THE Vought-Sikorsky OS2U KINGFISHER IS THE ONLY OBSERVATION SCOUT PLANE NOW WITH THE FLEET... THIS STURDY CATAPULT TYPE SEA-PLANE IS USED FOR OBSERVATION OF ENEMY ACTIVITY IN ALL THEATRES OF OPERATION... CARRYING DEPTH CHARGES, THE KINGFISHER HAS BEEN EXTREMELY EFFECTIVE IN ANTI-SUBMARINE WAR-FARE... IT'S 450 H.P. PRATT AND WHITNEY WASP ENGINE GIVES IT A TOP SPEED OF OVER 175 MILES PER HOUR AND A RANGE IN EXCESS OF 1000 MILES...



THE KINGFISHER HAS A WING SPAN OF 36 FEET AND IS 33 FEET, 10 INCHES LONG... IT'S RUGGED CONSTRUCTION PERMITS THE OS2U TO TAXI FOR MILES... IT WAS THIS TYPE AIRCRAFT THAT RESCUED CAPTAIN EDDIE RICKENBACKER FROM HIS RAFT WHEN HE WAS LOST IN THE PACIFIC...

PAUL
HARNER

PACIFIC PANDEMONIUM



A U. S. Navy Plane Carrier was steaming along in the Southwest Pacific with her ample decks fully lined with an array of bomber planes poised ready for action. Three highly experienced pilots were bemoaning their fates that boredom was getting them because of insufficient action. Clark Brannigan, a native of Shreveport, La., wistfully snapped, "The excitement here is about as thrilling as the time I took a ferry trip from New York to see the Statue of Liberty." Bill Bates, a reticent sort of guy, and Tommy Jenkins, the comedian of the illustrious trio, chimed in with their thoughts on the subject. Tommy, with an air of acrimony, assured Clark in poetic tones that "The air is filled with unexpected adventure." Amazed at the sudden outburst of this wonderful philosophical remark, the other two thought Tommy had been an unfortunate victim of the unbearable tropical sun. But Tommy was dead serious this time, for, he had been in the service for eight years, and his lengthy experience had taught him that misfortune could strike any ship without prior warning.

While the three were exchanging various whimsical remarks, the ship's officer confronted them with an order to take their bomber planes on patrol duty. At long last! . . . this is what all three were waiting for. A few moments later the trio took off with members of their crew. Murky clouds were descending, which made visibility poor, but the orders were issued and they had to be executed—besides, these were fearless men, whose religion was a lust for adventure. Clark was appointed leader of the trio and the other two were to fly in triangular formation. While they were out a half hour, Clark noticed heavy clouds forming about him. He immediately contacted the radio man, and with trepidation in his voice shouted, "Radio Tommy and Bill to turn back and scoot home." Upon receipt of the message from the radio operator, Tommy seemed bewildered. "Say," mused Tommy, "has that guy gone soft? You mean he's ordering us back just because a little storm is brewing a couple of hundred miles from here?"

Tommy and Bill turned their planes around, and headed back to the aircraft carrier. Brannigan, however, continued on his flight. By this time a raging squall had assumed blinding proportions, and for a time he, too, wished he had returned to the plane carrier. When one of those South Sea storms hit, it strikes with unabated fury. The wind-tossed plane, with rain of water-bucket proportions, tried vainly to continue on its patrol, but the elements had played such havoc with the heroic trio that Clark decided to make a "pancake" landing. "O.K., men, get out your life-rafts, we're going to make a pancake landing," shouted Clark. Several minutes later, Clark, who was ready to meet his fate, "pancaked" into the turbulent waters, with the cockpit striking with such strong impact that bursting clouds of water shot up in the air, and all the occupants felt that all hell had broken loose.

Clark exclaimed, "This plane is sinking rapidly! Forget about the food and supplies—let's throw out the raft!"

With one great heave, the men threw the raft out into the turbulent mass of water. The radio operator, Jack Connors, tried to salvage an emergency radio, but had no time to waste looking for anything. Time was of great essence—the plane was now deeply submerged, with only the tail visible on the water. The unfortunate trio were in a dilemma. The men scampered aboard the raft, alighting from the cockpit with frenzy, yet with the presence of mind to insure a safe exit from the disabled plane to a comparative security of life on a raft.

The navigator, "Chuck" Dooley, who hit the water first, entered the life-raft. "Did any of you men get the hand pump?" inquired Chuck. "No," replied Connors. "I don't think we need one—this raft has an automatic inflation valve." "Have you men any weapons with which we can get some food?" asked Clark. "I've got a revolver," retorted Jack Connors. "And I have a pocket-knife and a pair of pliers," remarked "Chuck." Securely settled in their life-raft, their scattered thoughts turned to thankfulness that they were, indeed, fortunate in having saved their lives.

The life-raft cast a deep, dark shadow, silhouetted against terrific waves as complete darkness approached. It wallowed wildly through the long, dismal night, but the morale of its occupants was very high—with the men relating stories about their domestic trials and tribulations—just to pass the lingering hours away. They were positive that in the morning they would be sighted by a ship or a scout plane and would be brought back to safety. During the latter part of the night the storm became more subdued, and by sunrise the squall subsided, with the turbulent waves now seeming like a peaceful lake.

In the morning, Clark sighted a lonely plane on the horizon. "Look, men!" he joyously shouted, "I see a scouting plane in the distance . . . they must be out searching for us." "I don't think he saw us—he's veering in a westerly direction," countered Connors. "You're right," answered Chuck, sadly. "I guess we're in for it—we'll just have to drift at sea until Lady Luck is a bit kinder to us."

Three days elapsed which seemed like three long, suffering years. They had no food, no water, and no fishing lines with which to catch fish. The men suddenly became imbued with a reverential feeling and resorted to prayer. Life is funny that way. Even an agnostic resorts to prayer when he is faced with extreme danger. These men did believe in God, and prayed for the sudden appearance of some miracle to save them from an almost certain death from hunger, thirst and exposure. "Surely, there must be someone who is aware of our plight," shrugged Chuck, with a resigned tone to his voice. Meanwhile, the life-raft was swinging wildly in all directions. "We'll have to control this thing, somehow . . . give me a piece of rope and jacket," exclaimed Clark, "and by tying this jacket into a bundle and letting it drag behind us, we can use it like a rudder." The steering problem was completely solved, but none of the men had yet contrived any means for securing food to sustain their weakening energy.

After five days, the men became parched from lack of water. Suddenly, as if their prayers had been answered, a torrent of rain hit them, and their thirst was satisfied at last. Chuck became a bit delirious from lack of food, but he was cheered by Connors and Brannigan. When the welcomed rain ceased, Connors spied a lonely fish swimming nearby. "Men, we've got food!" he shouted jubilantly, as he nabbed the fish with his pen-knife, and started preparing it for their first taste of food in five days. The head was cut off, and the remaining parts of the fish were eaten with all the solemnity and pompousness of a deluxe banquet.

Good fortune had suddenly beset the three men of mercy. "Quick!" yelled Clark excitedly, "get the revolver—there's an albatross ap-

proaching us." Connors nervously aimed the gun at the albatross, and luck was again kind to them, for more food was in store. They removed the feathers from the bird and exposed it to the torrid sun. After several minutes, the albatross looked like an old-fashioned southern-fried chicken. Their hunger was satisfied to some extent, but how long could the men stand the torture of a blazing tropical sun and lack of sleep?

After surviving the unkind elements of the sea for twenty-three torturous days and nights, the bedraggled men almost went insane. They had also encountered some difficulty with the inhumane Japs. Clark mistook a Jap patrol plane for a friendly one, and waved wildly at it—and what a welcome he received! The Jap plane released a volley of bullets, but it scored a near-miss, which was lucky for the crew of the life-raft.

Raging storms descended intermittently upon the men, but the gallant trio stuck to their helpless raft like an infant clings to its bottle. One night, the tiny raft was tossed around by mountainous waves and capsized. The men found themselves holding on to its sides for dear life. They finally clambered aboard the righted raft which had taken in a quantity of water, and pondered their fate more deeply. Brannigan insisted that the two remaining men throw him overboard to lighten the load. "No, we will not do it!" replied Chuck, in a very weak voice. Chuck and Connors used their hands to remove as much water as they could, and then gently placed Brannigan on the floor.

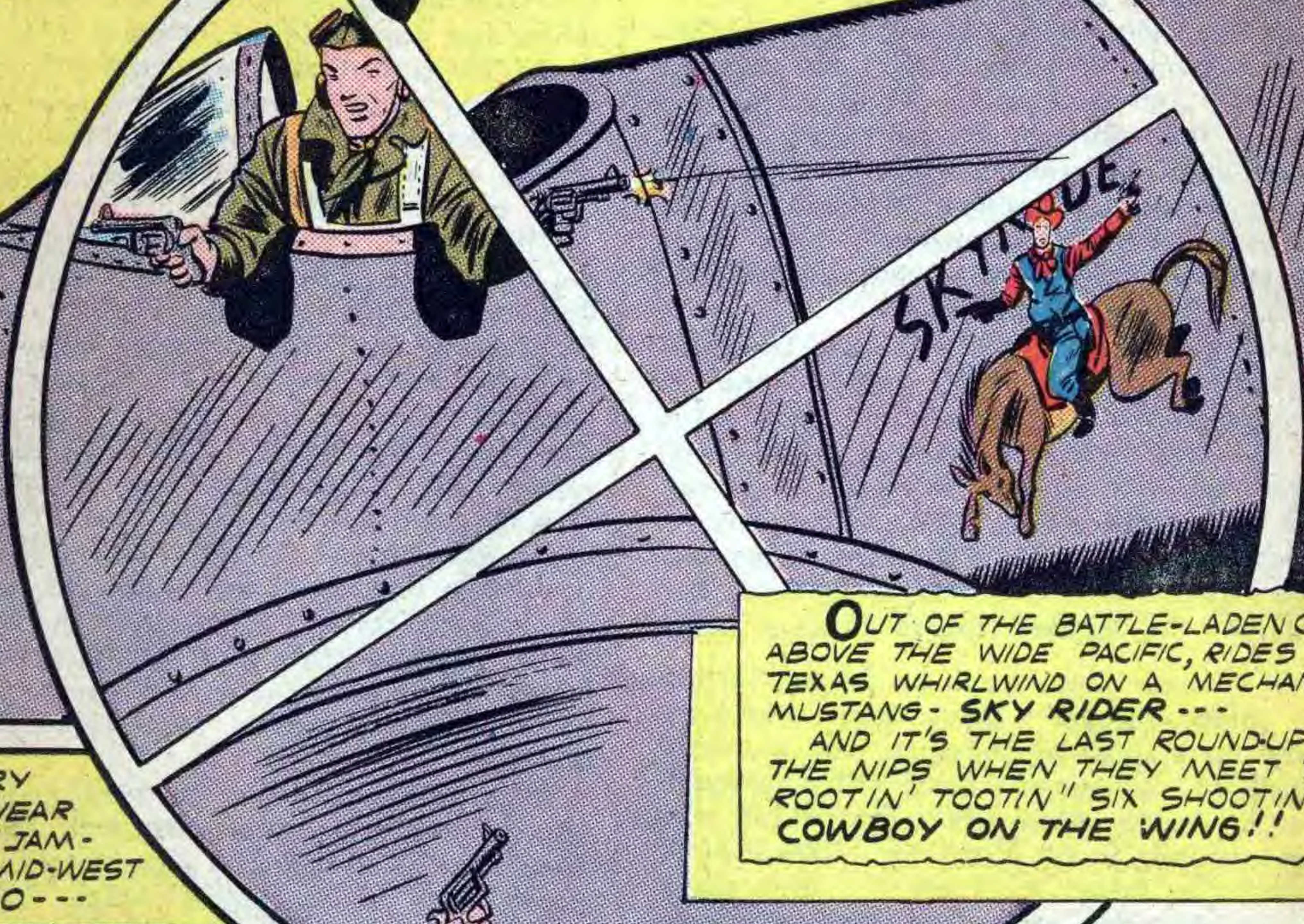
After thirty-one days, the men were almost unconscious from their harrowing experience. Their clothes were gone; there was no food or water, and their spirits were completely broken. Suddenly, Chuck sighted a plane soaring overhead. "That must be a mirage or something," lamented Jack. "Yes, it is a plane—an American plane—and they're coming nearer to the raft," ecstatically cried Brannigan. The seaplane landed alongside the raft and tenderly placed the survivors on the softly-matted ambulance floor. The "ship from heaven" then took off and headed for an advanced South Pacific air base where the three men recounted their experience to the Flight Officer.

It was an adventure they'll never forget as long as they live.

**INSURE YOUR
FUTURE..TODAY!**

★ BUY ★ BONDS ★

Sky Rider



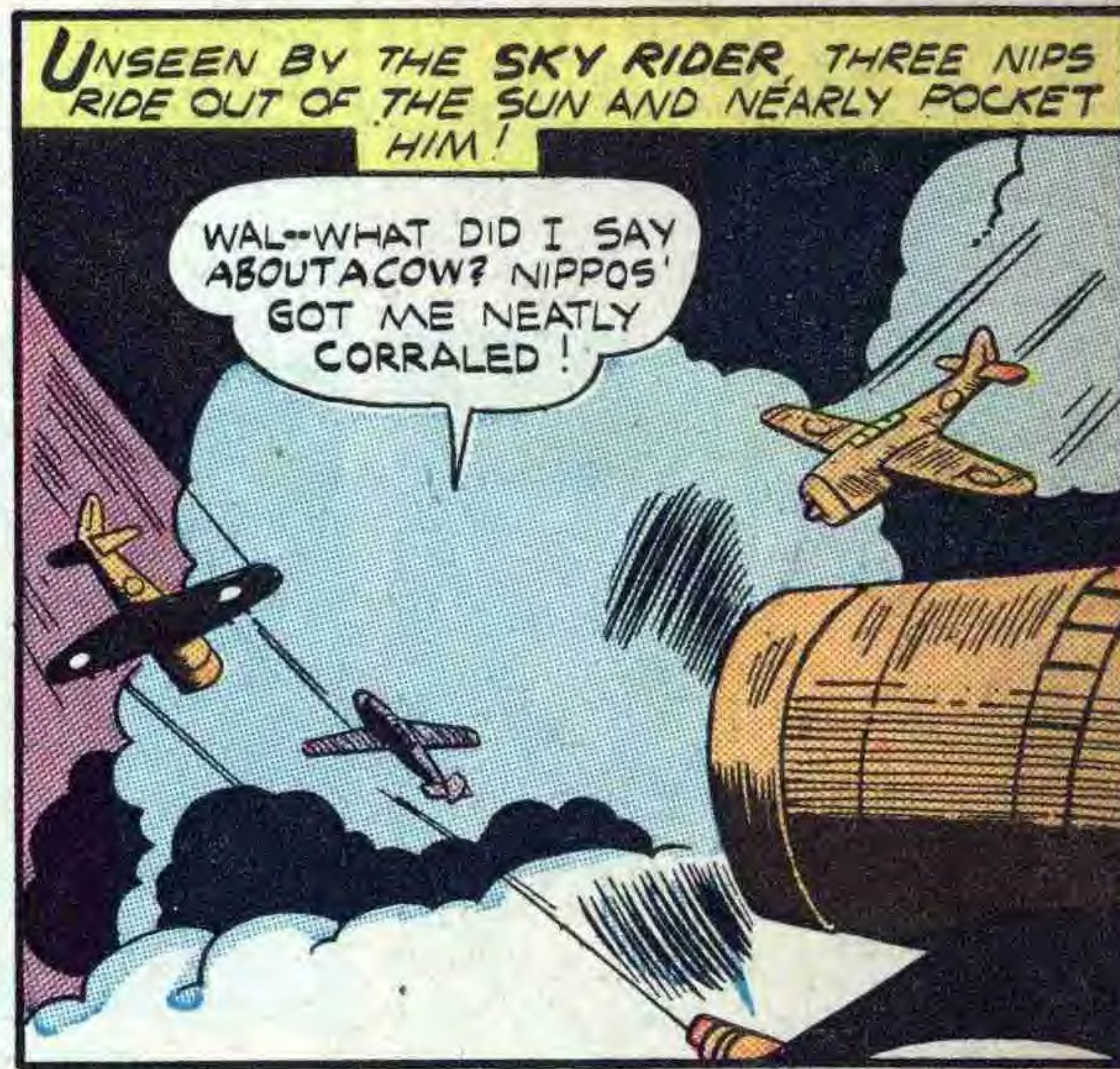
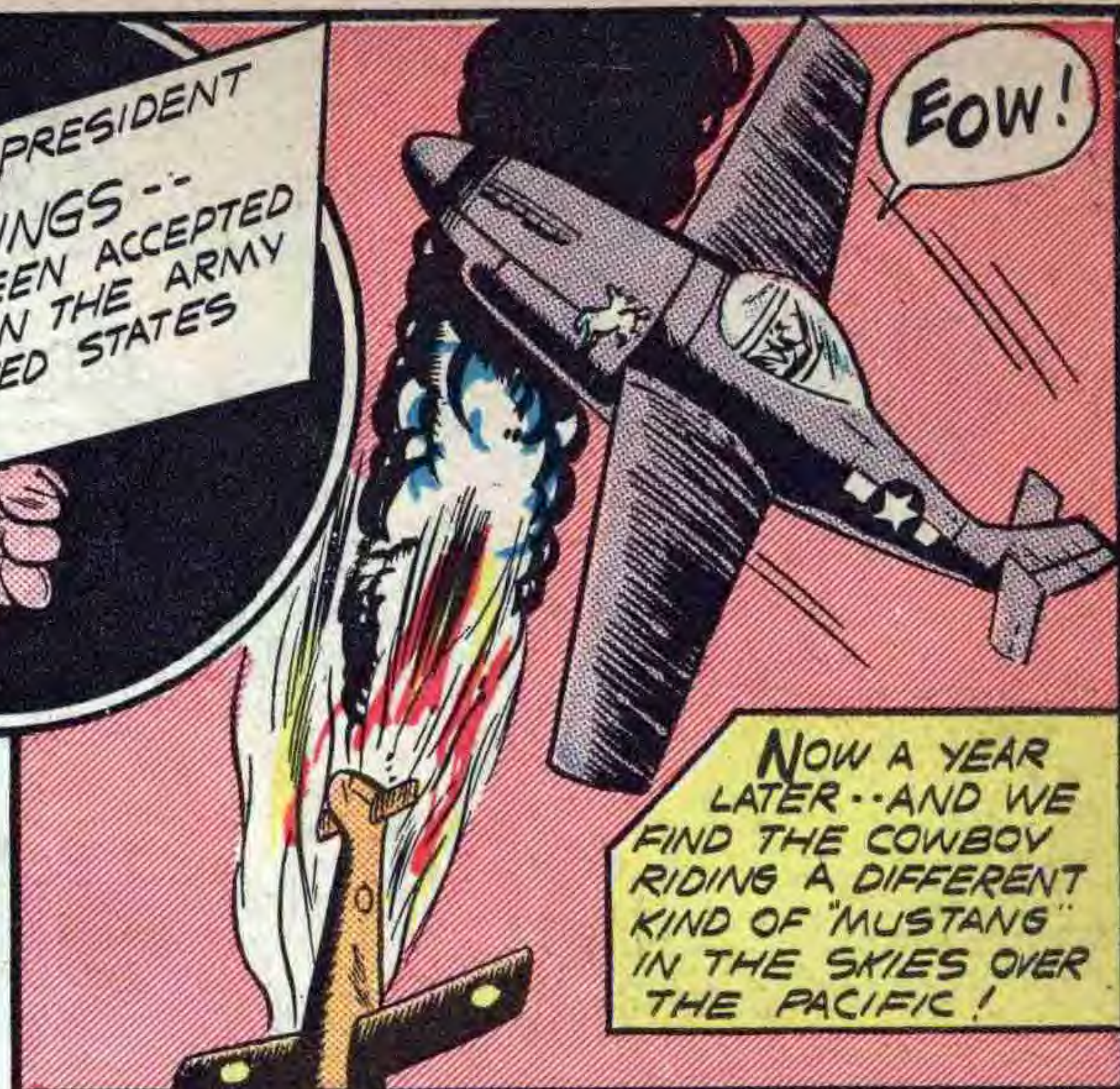
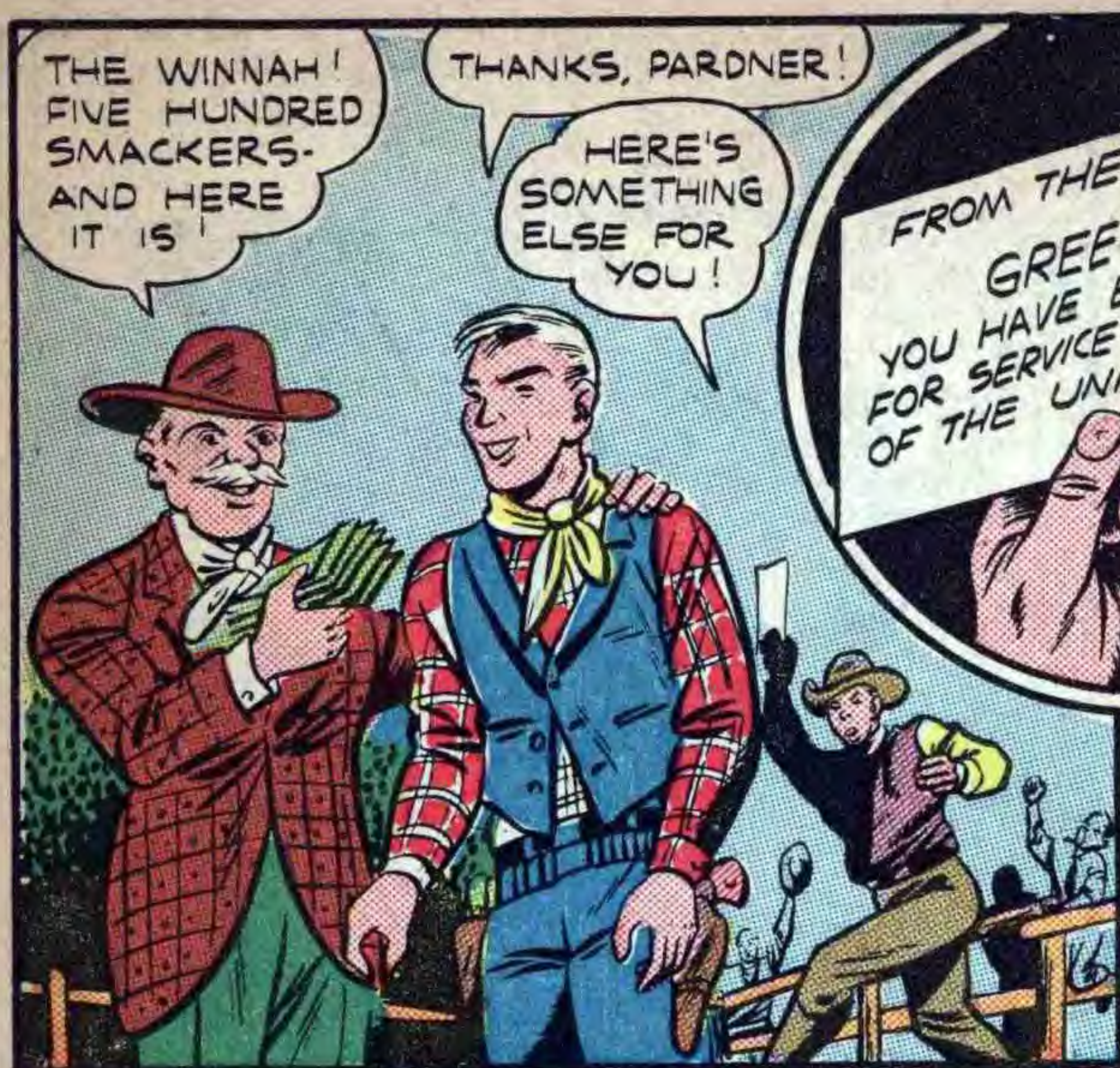
OUR STORY
OPENS A YEAR
AGO IN A JAM-
PACKED MID-WEST
RODEO ---

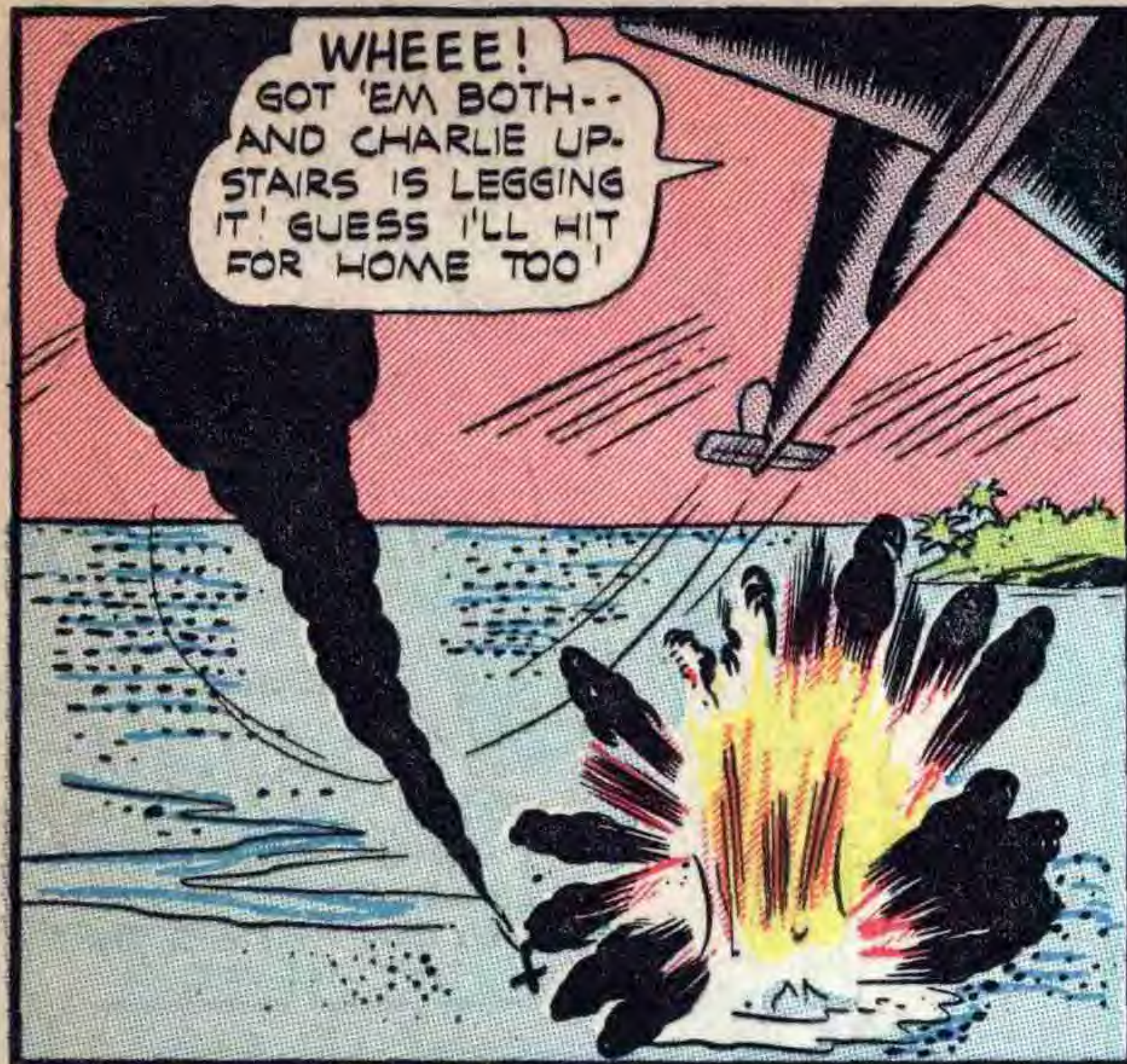
OUT OF THE BATTLE-LADEN CLOUDS
ABOVE THE WIDE PACIFIC, RIDES A
TEXAS WHIRLWIND ON A MECHANICAL
MUSTANG - **SKY RIDER** ---

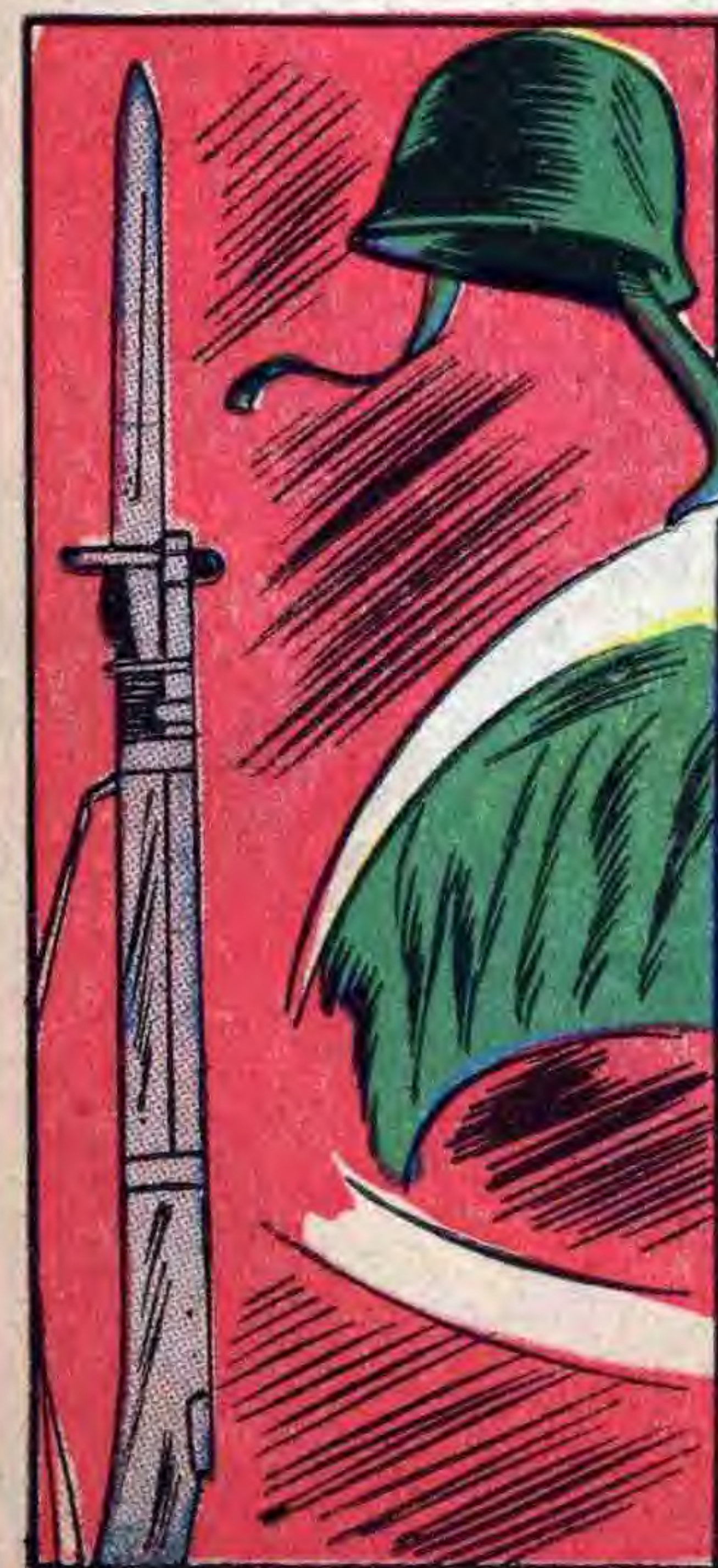
AND IT'S THE LAST ROUND-UP FOR
THE NIPS WHEN THEY MEET THAT
ROOTIN' TOOTIN' SIX SHOOTIN' ---
COWBOY ON THE WING!!



OOOH!
THERE HE
GOES!





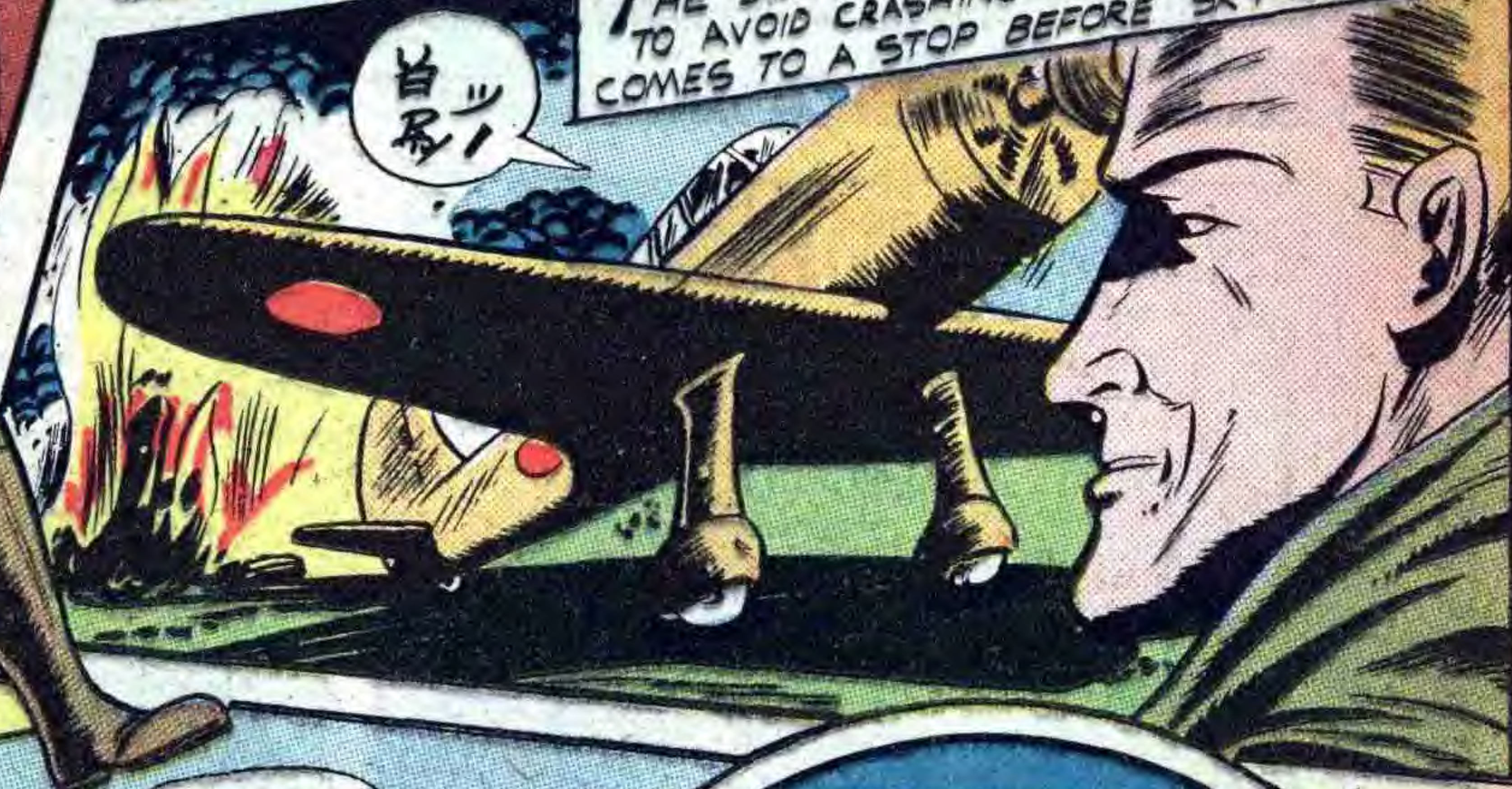




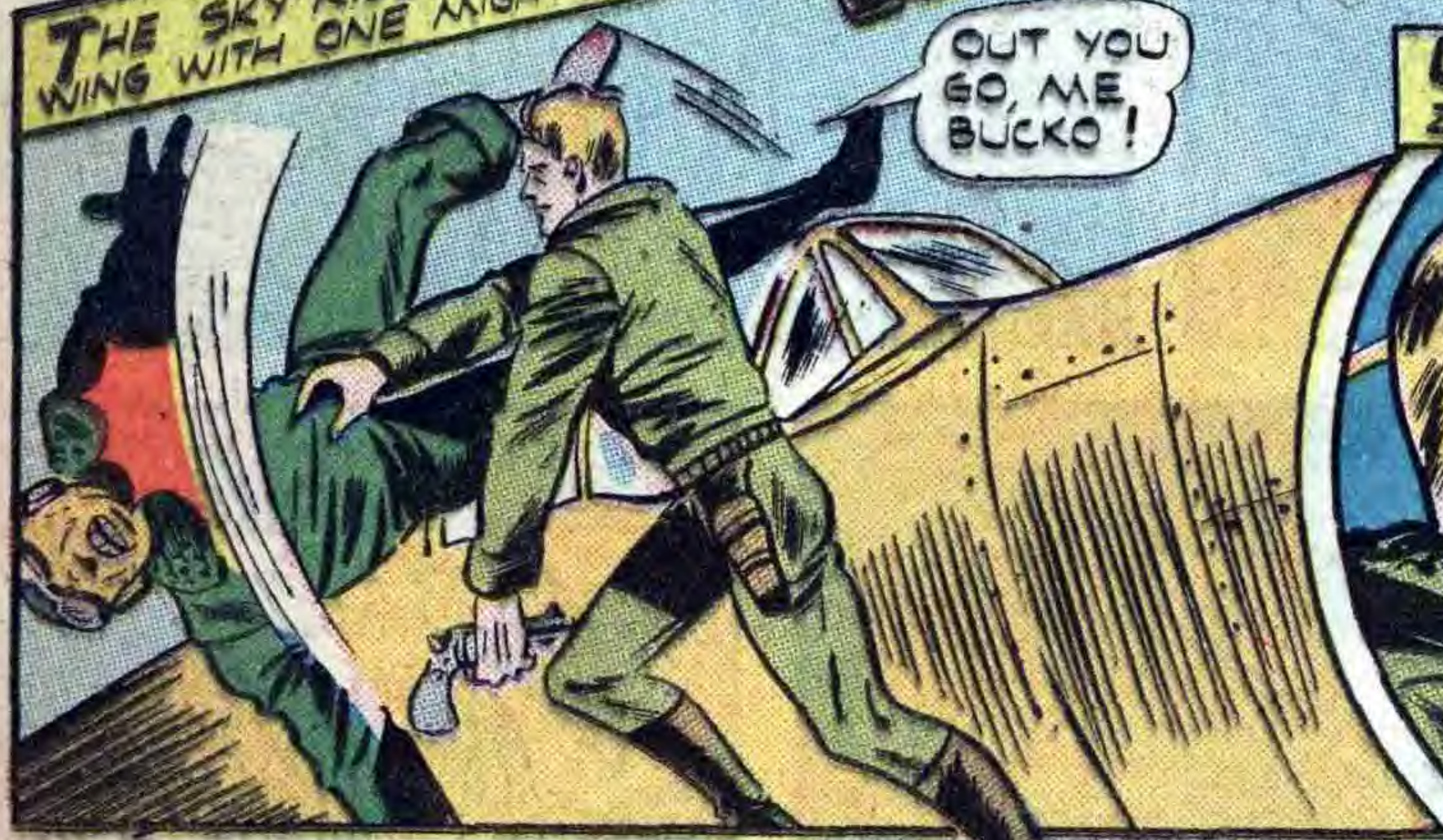
WHOA! EASY
BOY! YOU'RE
NOT GOIN'
ANYWHERE!



THE SECOND ZERO SWERVES SHARPLY
TO AVOID CRASHING INTO THE FIRST, AND
COMES TO A STOP BEFORE SKY RIDER!



THE SKY RIDER HITS THE
WING WITH ONE MIGHTY LEAP!



OUT YOU
GO, ME
BUCKO!

UNDER SKY RIDER'S GUIDING HAND, THE
ZERO SPEEDS DOWN THE RUNWAY
AND OFF!



NOW TO CORK UP
THAT SECRET
RUNWAY!



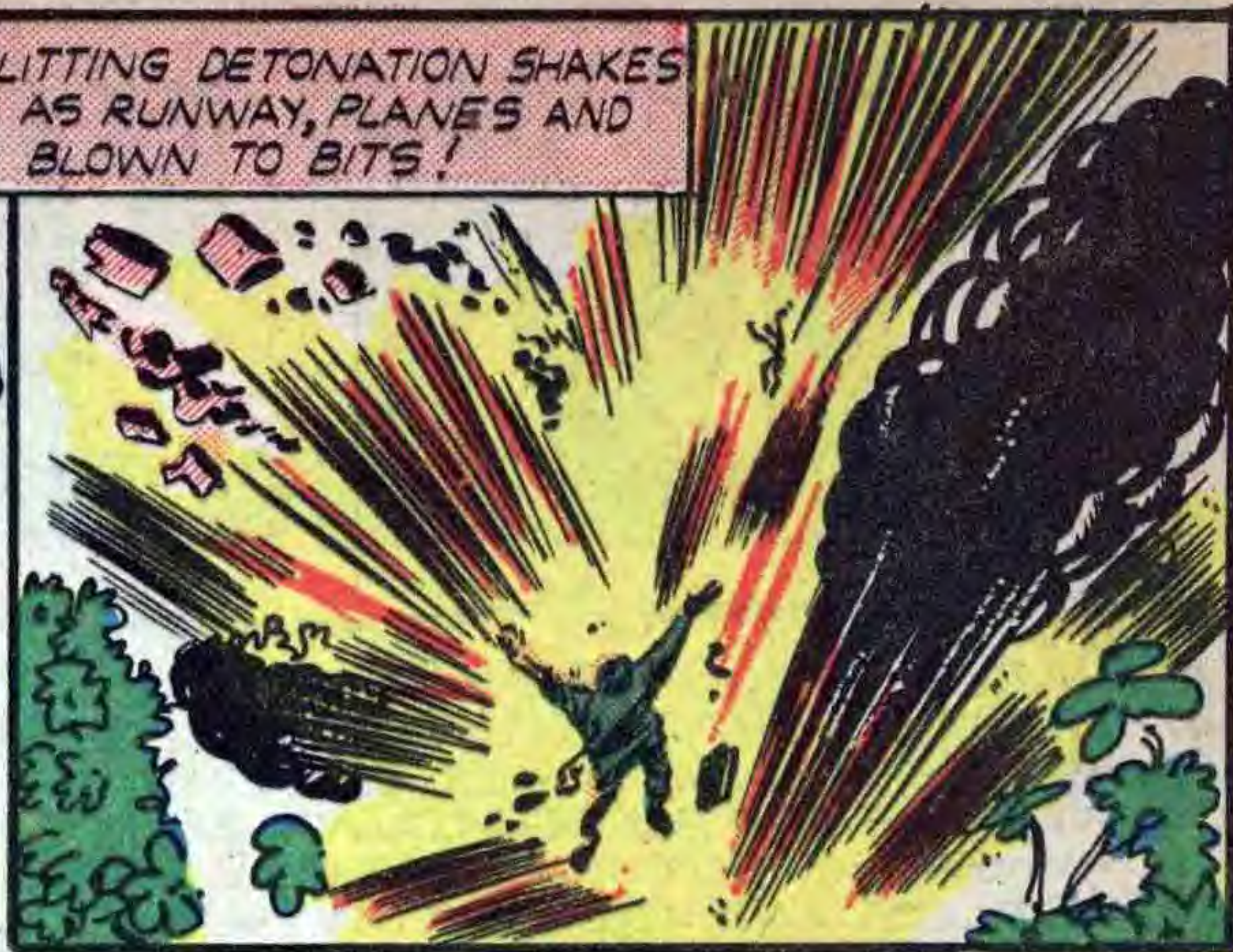
THIS ISN'T A BOMBER!
GUESS I'LL HAVE TO
USE THE MACHINE
GUNS OFF THOSE
HIDDEN GAS STORAGE
TANKS - THAT WOULD
DO IT! HERE
GOES!



DOG-GONE!
MACHINE GUN'S
JAMMED!

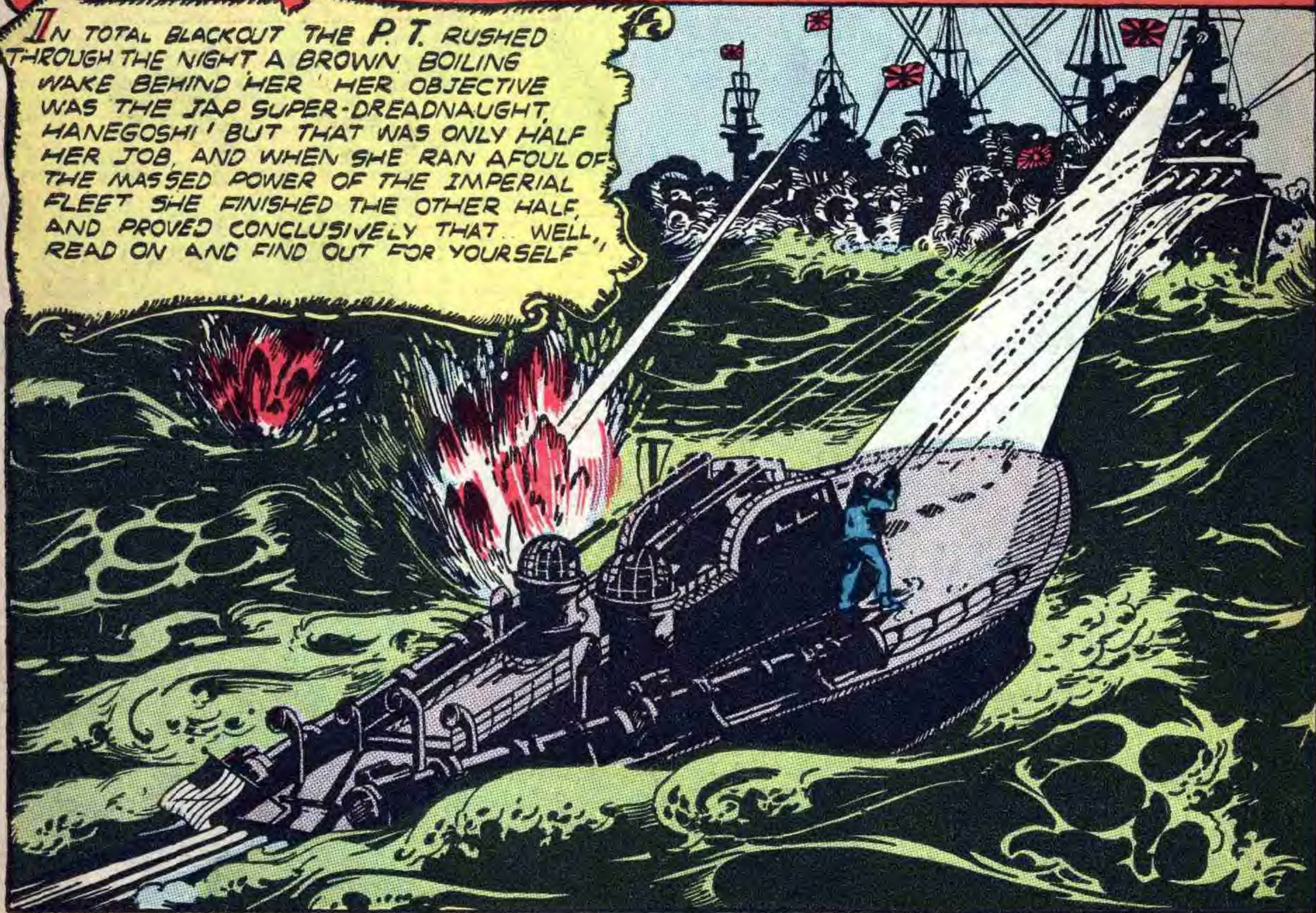


AN EAR-SPLITTING DETONATION SHAKES THE EARTH AS RUNWAY, PLANES AND NIPS ARE BLOWN TO BITS!



M.T.B.'S

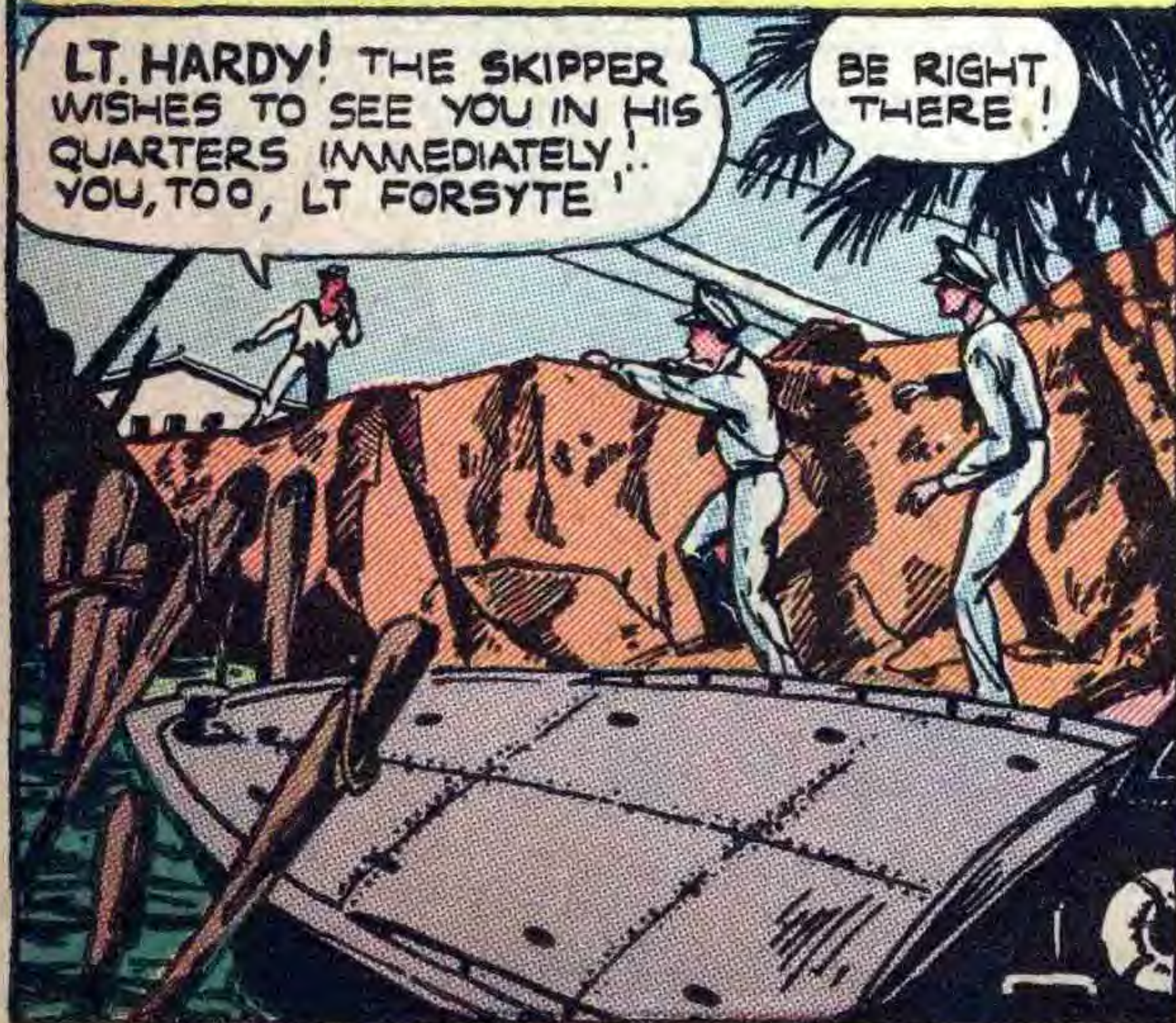
IN TOTAL BLACKOUT THE P.T. RUSHED THROUGH THE NIGHT A BROWN BOILING WAKE BEHIND HER HER OBJECTIVE WAS THE JAP SUPER-DREADNAUGHT, HANEGOSHI! BUT THAT WAS ONLY HALF HER JOB, AND WHEN SHE RAN AFOUL OF THE MASSED POWER OF THE IMPERIAL FLEET SHE FINISHED THE OTHER HALF, AND PROVED CONCLUSIVELY THAT... WELL, READ ON AND FIND OUT FOR YOURSELF



A P.T. BOAT SQUADRON BASE IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC

LT. HARDY! THE SKIPPER WISHES TO SEE YOU IN HIS QUARTERS IMMEDIATELY... YOU, TOO, LT FORSYTE

BE RIGHT THERE!



WONDER WHAT'S UP? WHEN HIS NIBS SENDS FOR YOU IT MEANS JUST ONE THING!... ACTION!

ACTION, HAW! YOU P.T. GUYS DON'T KNOW WHAT REAL ACTION MEANS!



LISTEN, PEE WEE! YOU AREN'T SAILORS!
JUST HIT AND RUN GUYS IN AN OVER-
SIZE SARDINE CAN! NOW A CRUISER -
THERE'S A REAL SHIP! IT STANDS UP
AND FIGHTS!



JUST BECAUSE YOU WERE
REASSIGNED FROM CRUISERS
TO P.T.S AND DON'T LIKE IT-- GIVES
YOU NO LICENSE TO RUN
DOWN THE P.T.S! IT
ISN'T SIZE THAT MAKES
A SHIP OR A MAN!



OUR JOB IS TO SLIP IN TO-
NIGHT, TORPEDO HER, AND
GET OUT BEFORE HER DES-
TROYER ESCORT ARRIVES
TO PICK HER UP!



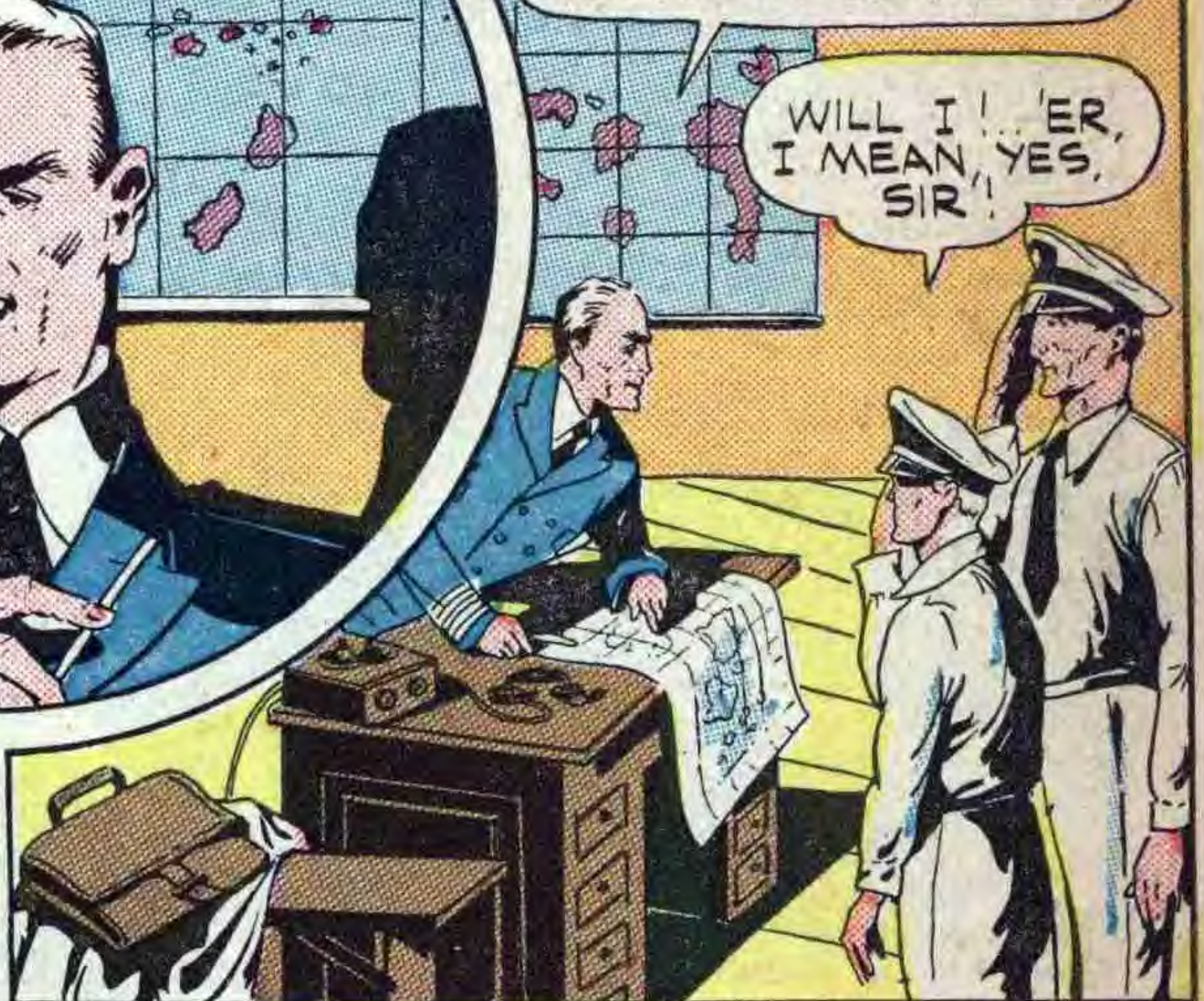
A FEW SECONDS LATER IN
THE CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS!

GENTLEMEN! AIRCRAFT
RECONNAISSANCE REPORTS
THE JAP DREADNAUGHT,
HANE OGOSHI IN TONAI
HARBOR!



THIS IS YOUR PARTY, PEE
WEE! DO A GOOD JOB!

WILL I! 'ER,
I MEAN, YES,
SIR!



LATER... THROUGH THE DARK, MOONLESS
NIGHT, THE P.T. BOAT KNIFES THROUGH
THE WATER TOWARDS TONAI!



THIS IS WHAT I CALL
SENDING A BOY ON A
MAN'S ERRAND!

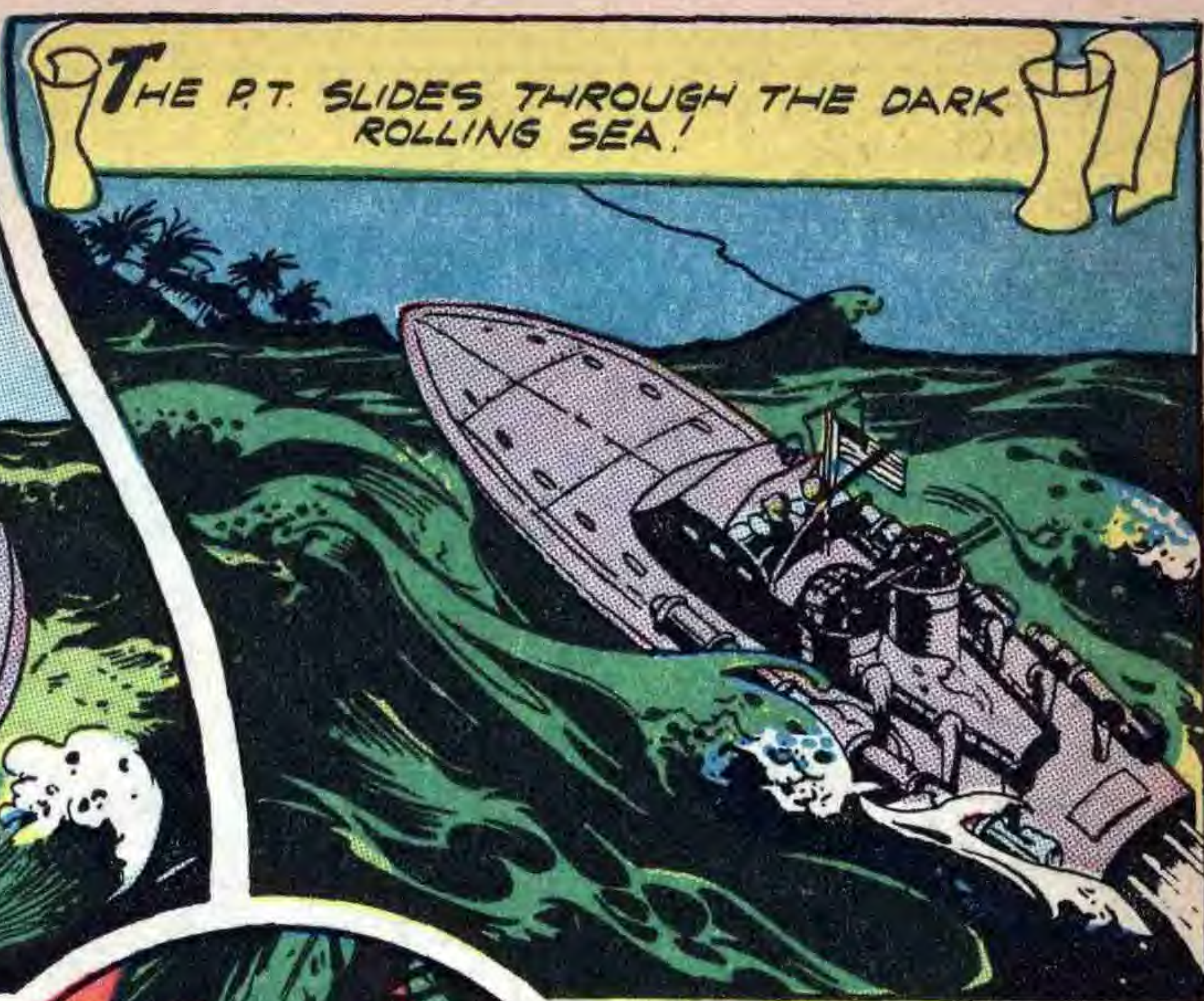
STOW THE GAB
SAILOR! AND CHECK
THOSE GUNS AND
TUBES!



KEEP HER AT
FULL THROTTLE!



THE P.T. SLIDES THROUGH THE DARK
ROLLING SEA!



THERE'S THE
HARBOR!



THROTTLE DOWN!
WE DON'T WANT THE
NIPS TO SPOT OUR
WAKE!

OKAY, BOYS!
WE'RE IN!



AND THERE'S
THE HANEGOSHI.

SWING HER NOSE AROUND!
THAT'S IT! TORPEDOES
READY! FIRE
NUMBER
ONE!

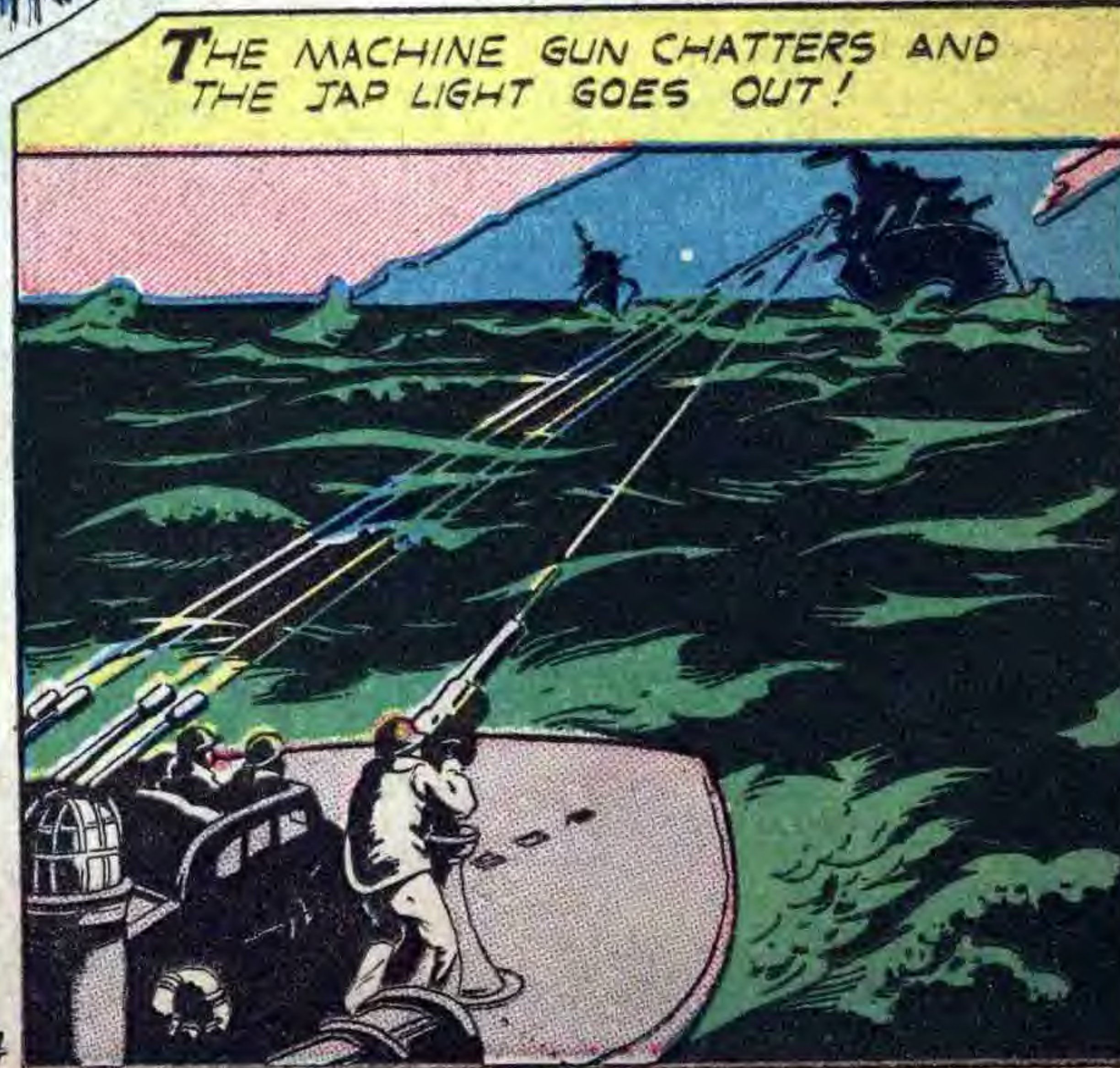
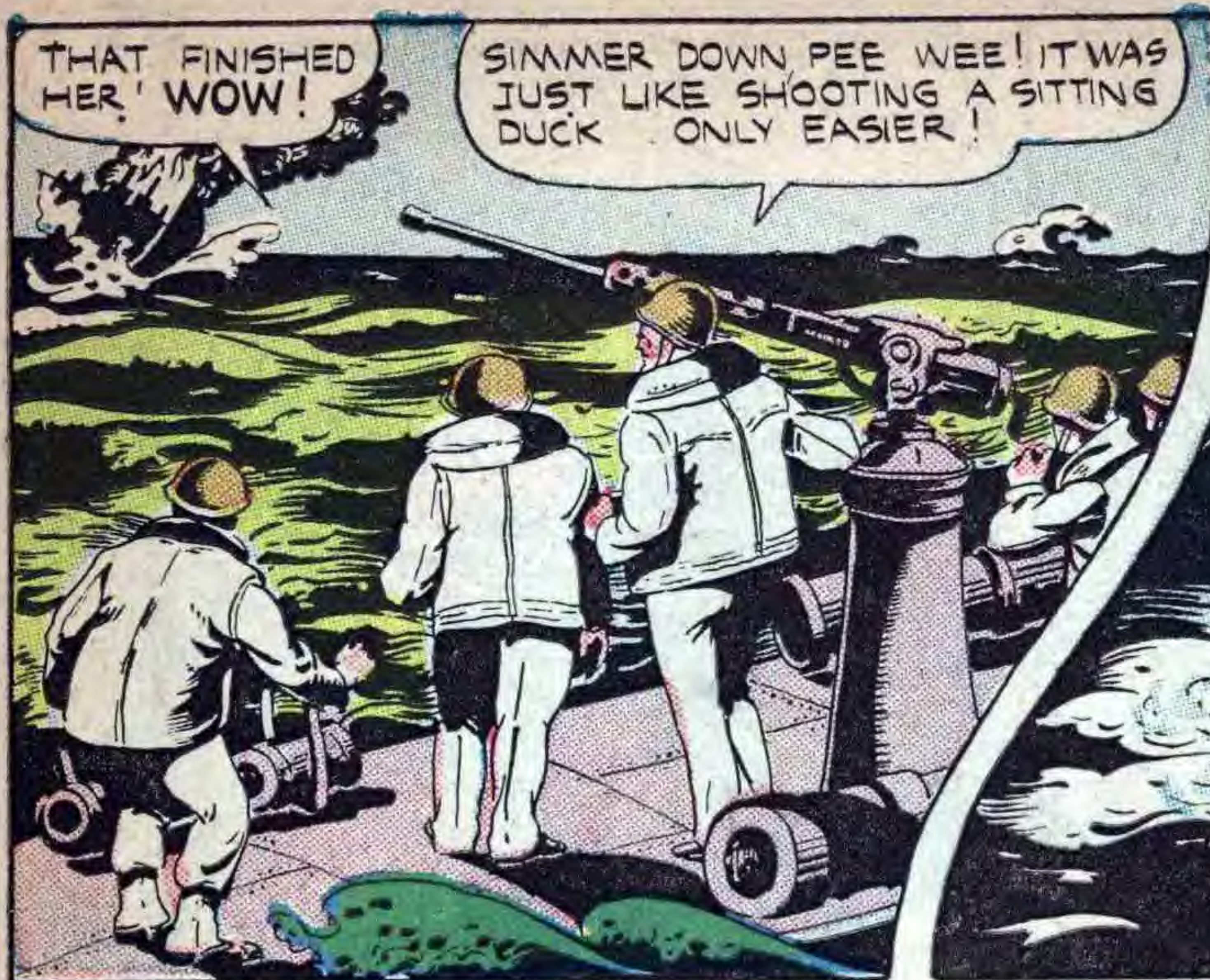


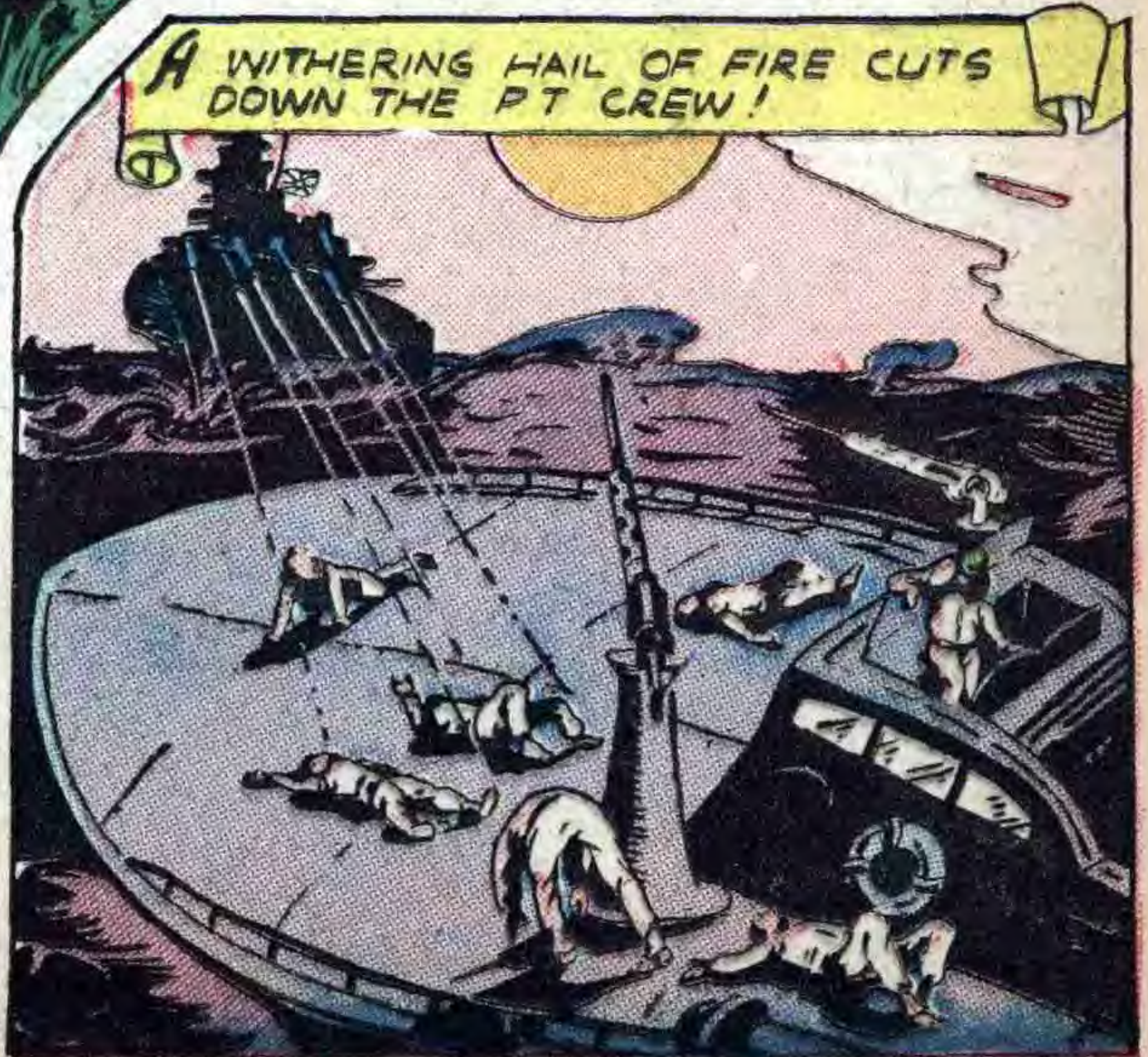
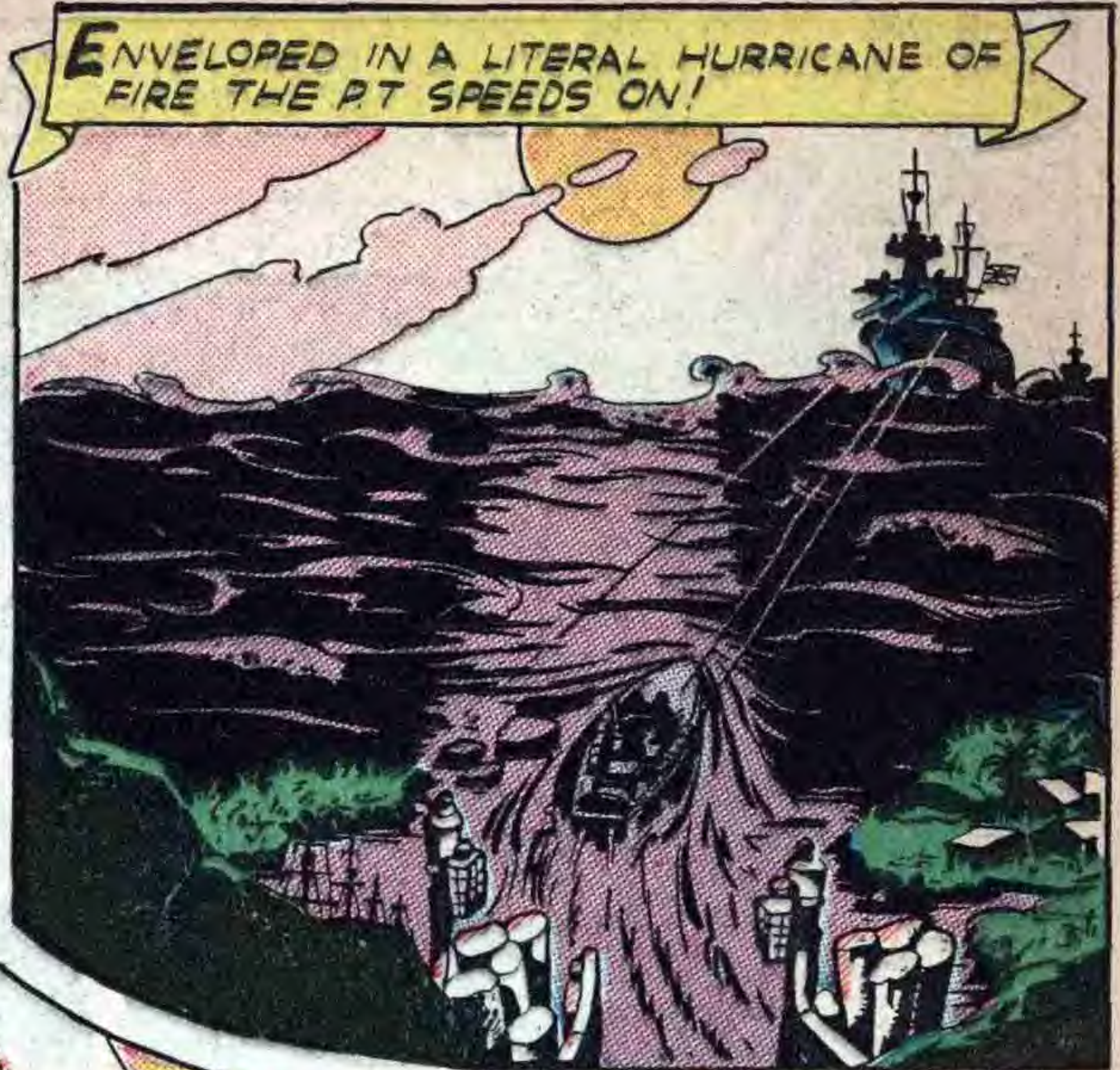
THE DEADLY TORPEDO
HURTLES TOWARD ITS MARK!



THE JAP DREADNAUGHT
LEAPS LIKE A
STRIKEN BEAST AS
THE TORPEDO STRIKES
HOME!









THE DIRTY RATS... I'LL FIRE THE TORPEDO MYSELF!



THE TORPEDOES ARE RELEASED!



THAT'S FOR PEE WEE! HOW D'YA LIKE THOSE APPLES?

PAST THE BURNING, SINKING HULK OF THE JAP, THE P.T. SWINGS IN A WIDE ARC FOR HOME!



AND A SHORT TIME LATER!

HANG ON PEE WEE! I'LL HAVE YOU IN THE SICK BAY IN NO TIME!



SEEMINGLY END-LESS HOURS OF MENTAL TORTURE PASS FOR FORSYTE, THEN... MORNING!

DOC! IS HE GOING TO BE OKAY ???

YES! IT TAKES A LOT MORE LEAD THAN THAT TO SINK A P.T. SKIPPER!



HI-YA, SAILOR! STILL ITCHING TO GET BACK TO YOUR CRUISER!

NAW! FROM NOW ON, I'M STRICTLY P.T.!



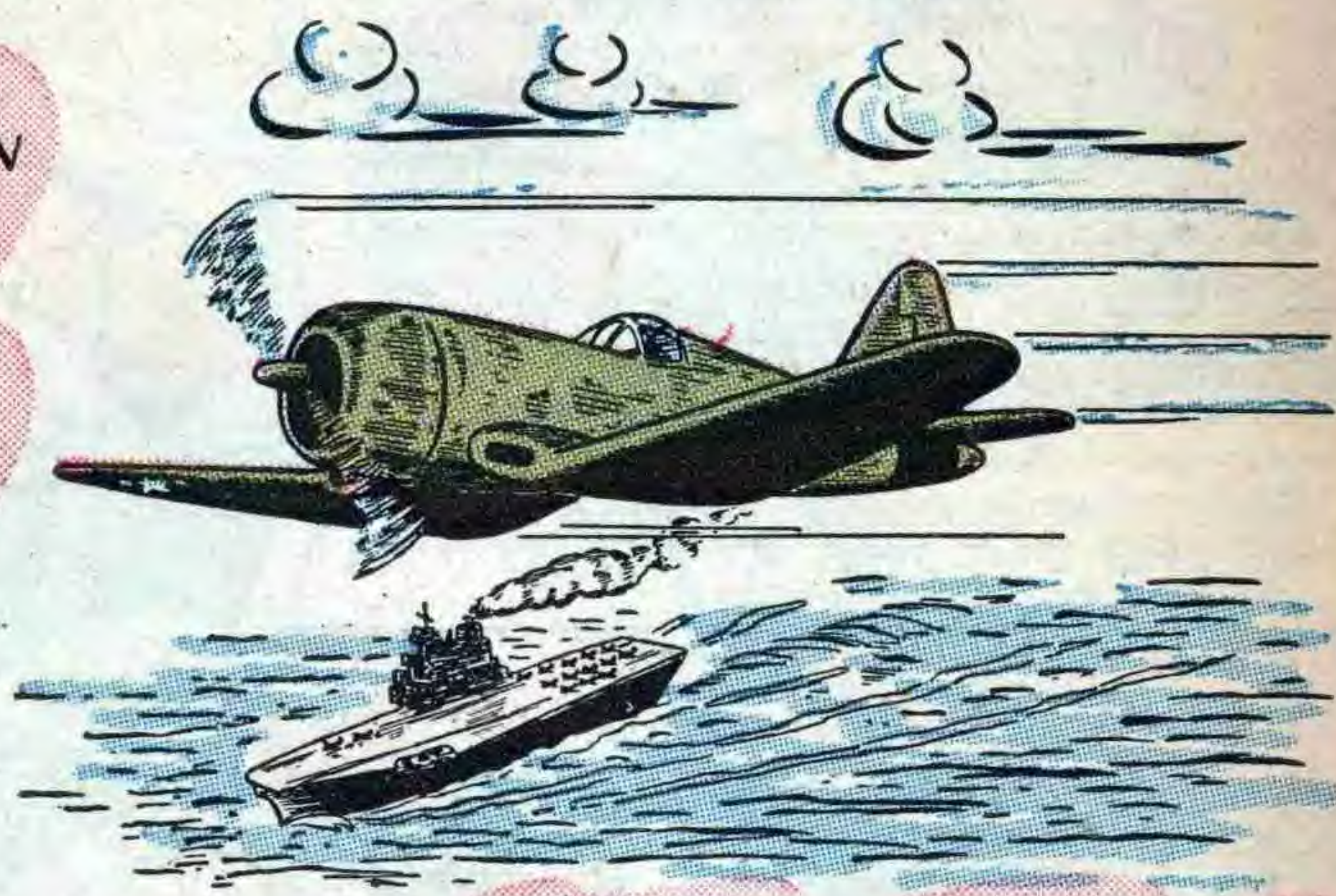
I KNEW YOU'D COME AROUND! YOU SEE, P.T. OR BATTLEWAGON, SIZE DOESN'T COUNT! A WARSHIP IS ONLY AS GOOD AS THE MEN WHO FIGHT HER!



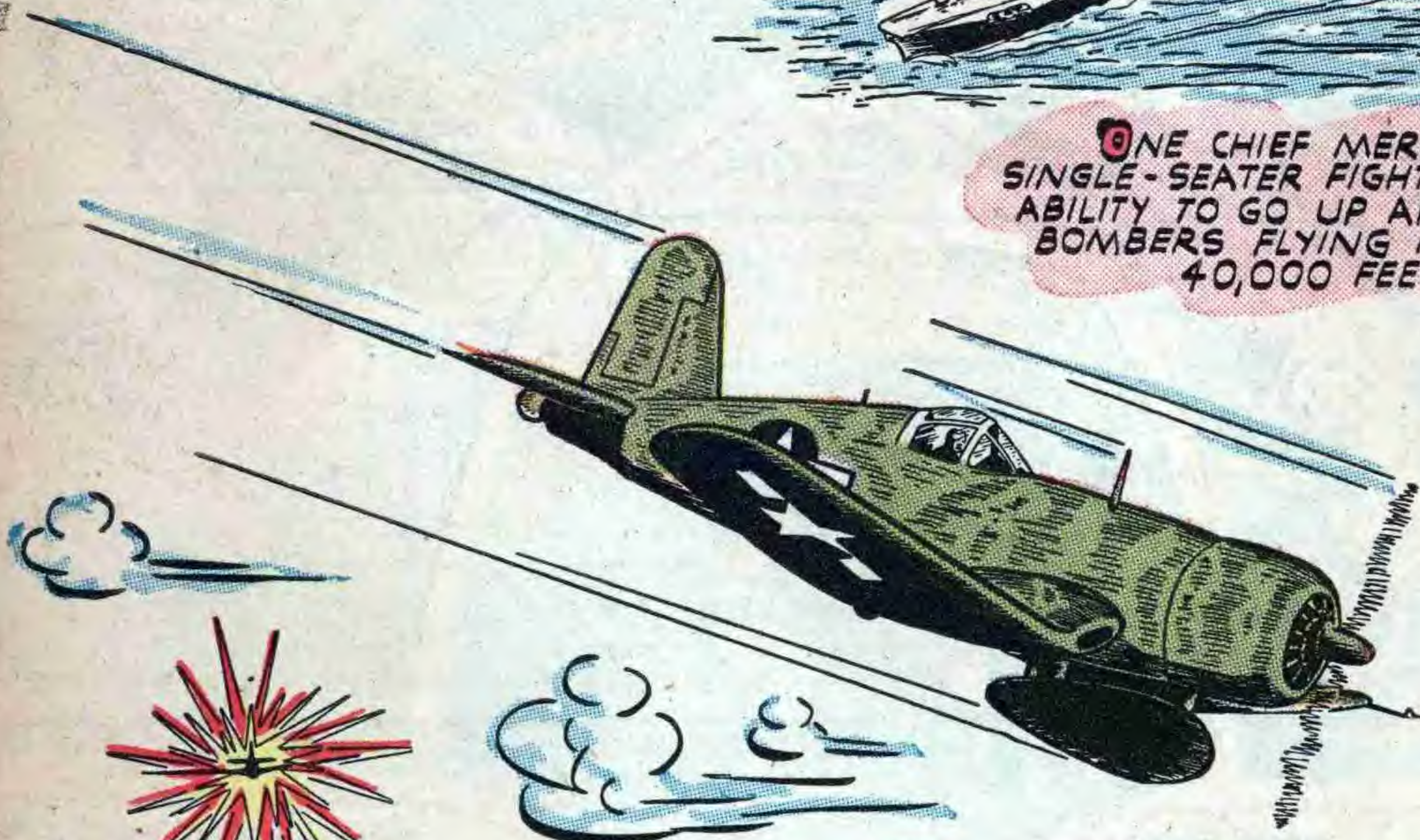
THE END

Corsair

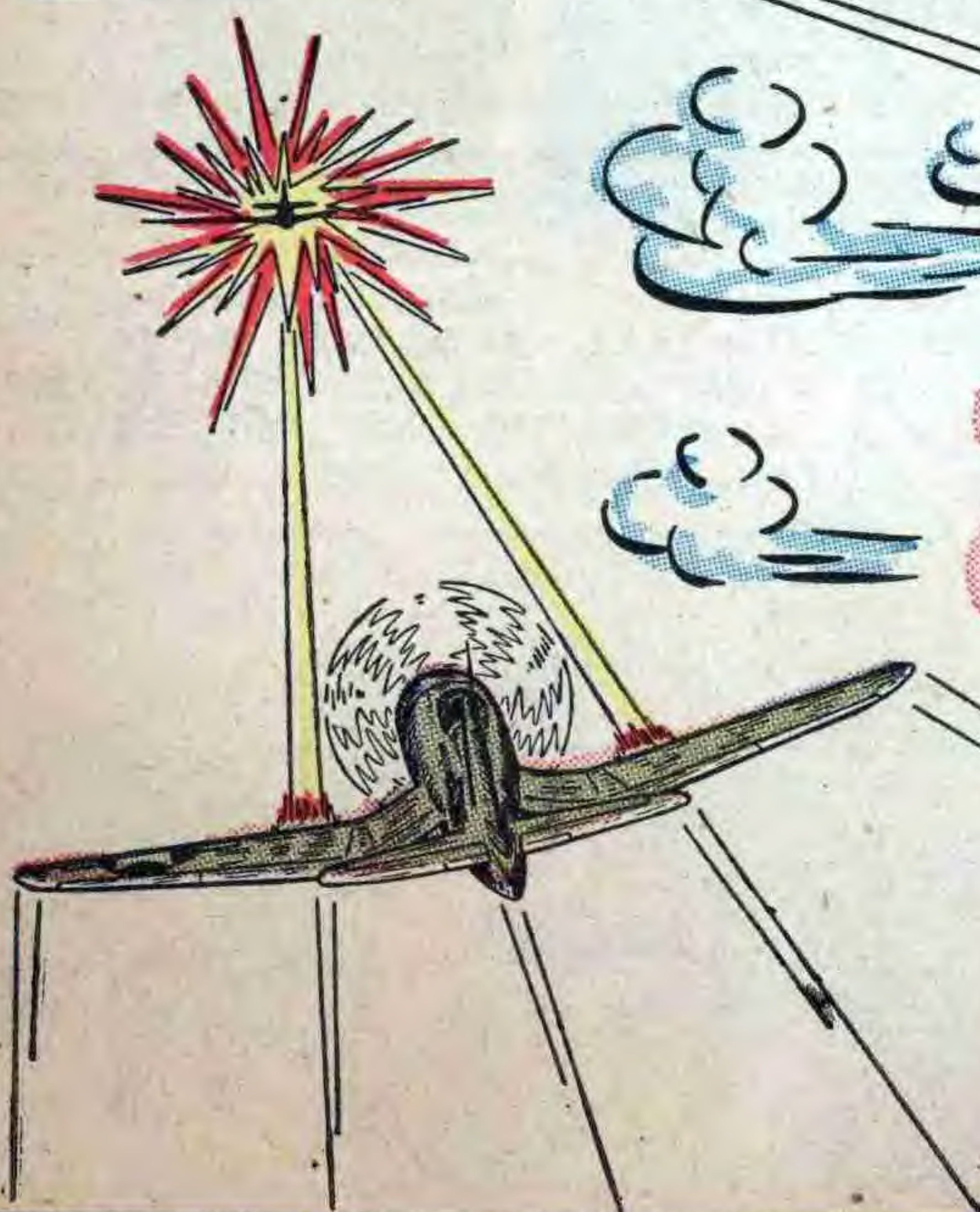
THE CHANCE-VOUGHT F4U-2 CORSAIR HAS MEANT SUDDEN DEATH TO A GREAT NUMBER OF JAP PILOTS AND IS CURRENTLY FLYING CIRCLES AROUND ANY PLANE THE NIPPONESE CAN SEND UP TO FIGHT... WITH ITS NEWLY EQUIPPED DROPPABLE BELLY FUEL TANK, THE CORSAIR HAS LENGTHENED ITS RANGE TO ABOUT 1500 MILES...



ONE CHIEF MERIT OF THIS SINGLE-SEATER FIGHTER IS ITS ABILITY TO GO UP AFTER JAP BOMBERS FLYING HIGH AT 40,000 FEET...



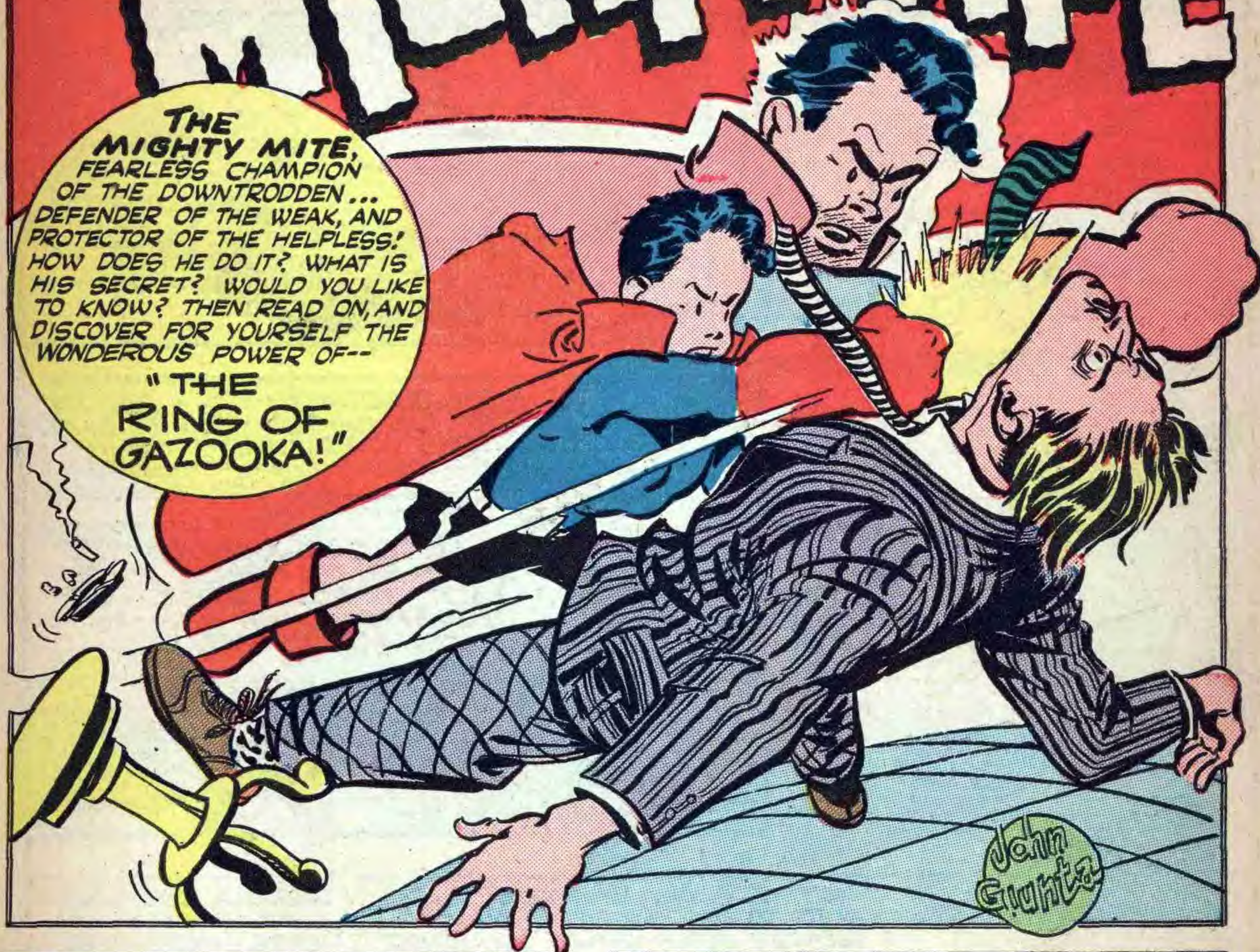
THE CORSAIR HAS THE REPUTATION OF BEING THE MOST POPULAR LAND-BASED NAVY FIGHTER... A SIMPLE "SPOILER BOARD" HAS CORRECTED THE PRONOUNCED TWITCH TO THE RIGHT THE EARLIER CORSAIRS WERE SAID TO HAVE... ORIGINALLY BUILT FOR AIRCRAFT CARRIER DUTY, THE F4U-2 MAY SOON GO BACK INTO CARRIER-BASED SQUADRONS...



PAUL
ARKER

the MIGHTY MITE

THE MIGHTY MITE, FEARLESS CHAMPION OF THE DOWNTRODDEN... DEFENDER OF THE WEAK, AND PROTECTOR OF THE HELPLESS! HOW DOES HE DO IT? WHAT IS HIS SECRET? WOULD YOU LIKE TO KNOW? THEN READ ON, AND DISCOVER FOR YOURSELF THE WONDEROUS POWER OF--
"THE RING OF GAZOOKA!"



MICKEY MITE WAS ALWAYS THE KID LEFT ON THE OUTSIDE WHEN ALL THE OTHER KIDS WERE HAVING FUN---

SO LONG, MICKEY-- SORRY THERE AIN'T ENOUGH ROOM FOR YOU!

YEAH--AND BESIDES-- WE'RE GONNA PLAY GAMES---

--AND YOU CAN'T PLAY 'CAUSE YOU AIN'T STRONG ENOUGH!



HHE WOULD TRY AWFULLY HARD TO JOIN THE ATHLETIC ACTIVITIES OF THE OTHER BOYS---

C'MON, JIMMIE, GIMMIE A CHANCE! I WANNA HAVE SOME FUN TOO--

BEAT IT, MICKEY-- EVERYBODY SAYS YOU'RE TOO DELICATE TA PLAY FOOTBALL!



--AND THAT'S HOW IT WENT FOR POOR LITTLE MICKEY MITE, UNTIL ONE NIGHT SOMETHING HAPPENED AS HE LAY IN BED SOBBING---

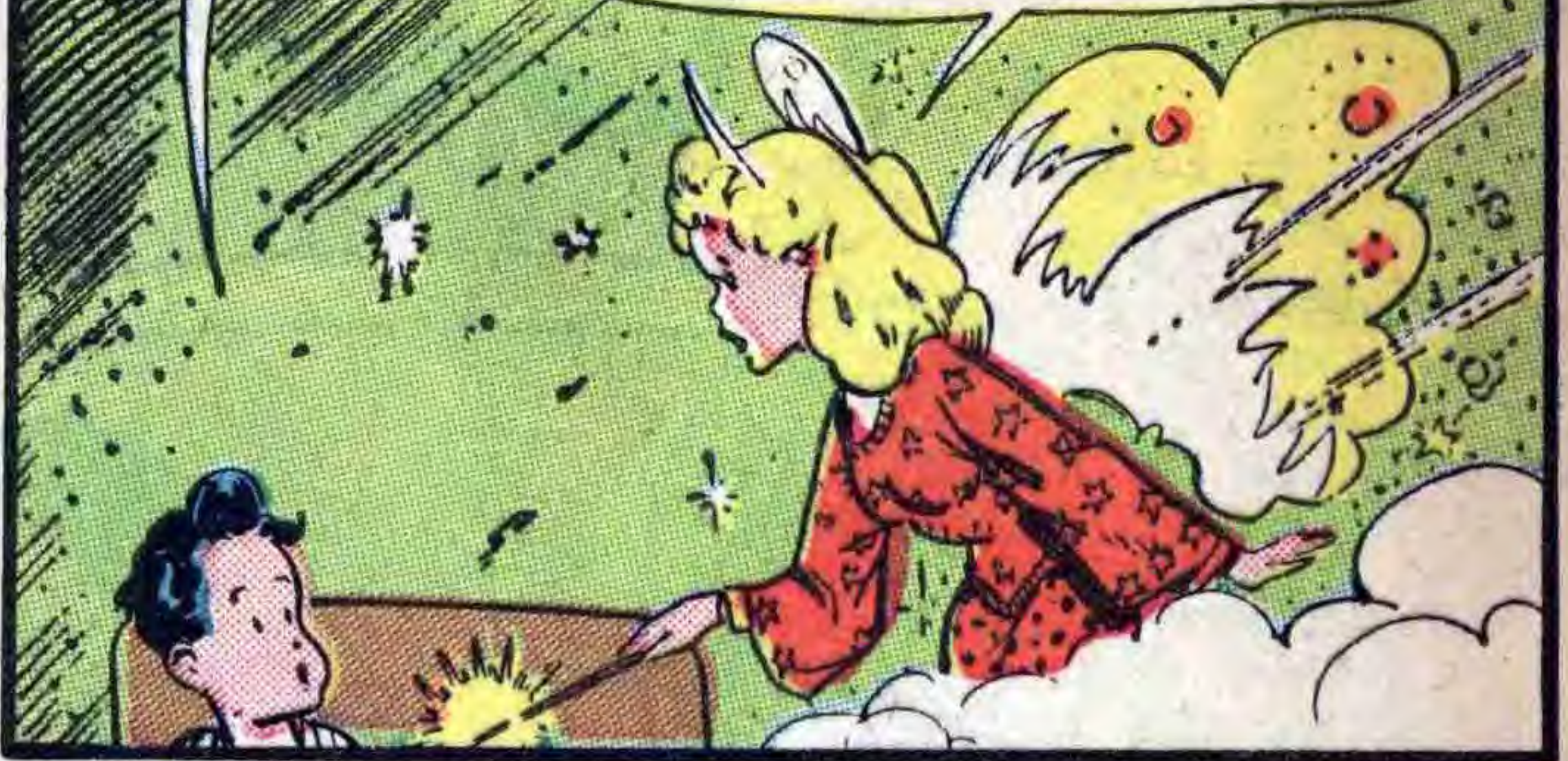
WHY CAN'T I BE LIKE OTHER KIDS--- J-JUST BECAUSE I AIN'T S-STRONG DON'T MEAN THAT I CAN'T **TRY** TO PLAY WITH THEM---



SUDDENLY--A CLEAR RAY OF SILVER MOONLIGHT FLOODED THE ROOM, AND MICKEY LOOKED UP IN AWE TO BEHOLD THE MOST BEAUTIFUL LITTLE GIRL HE HAD EVER SEEN IN HIS LIFE---

W-W-WHO ARE YOU?

DON'T BE AFRAID, MICKEY MITE-- I AM **PRINCESS MAKE-A-WISH**. I KNOW HOW YOU FEEL, AND I WANT TO HELP YOU---

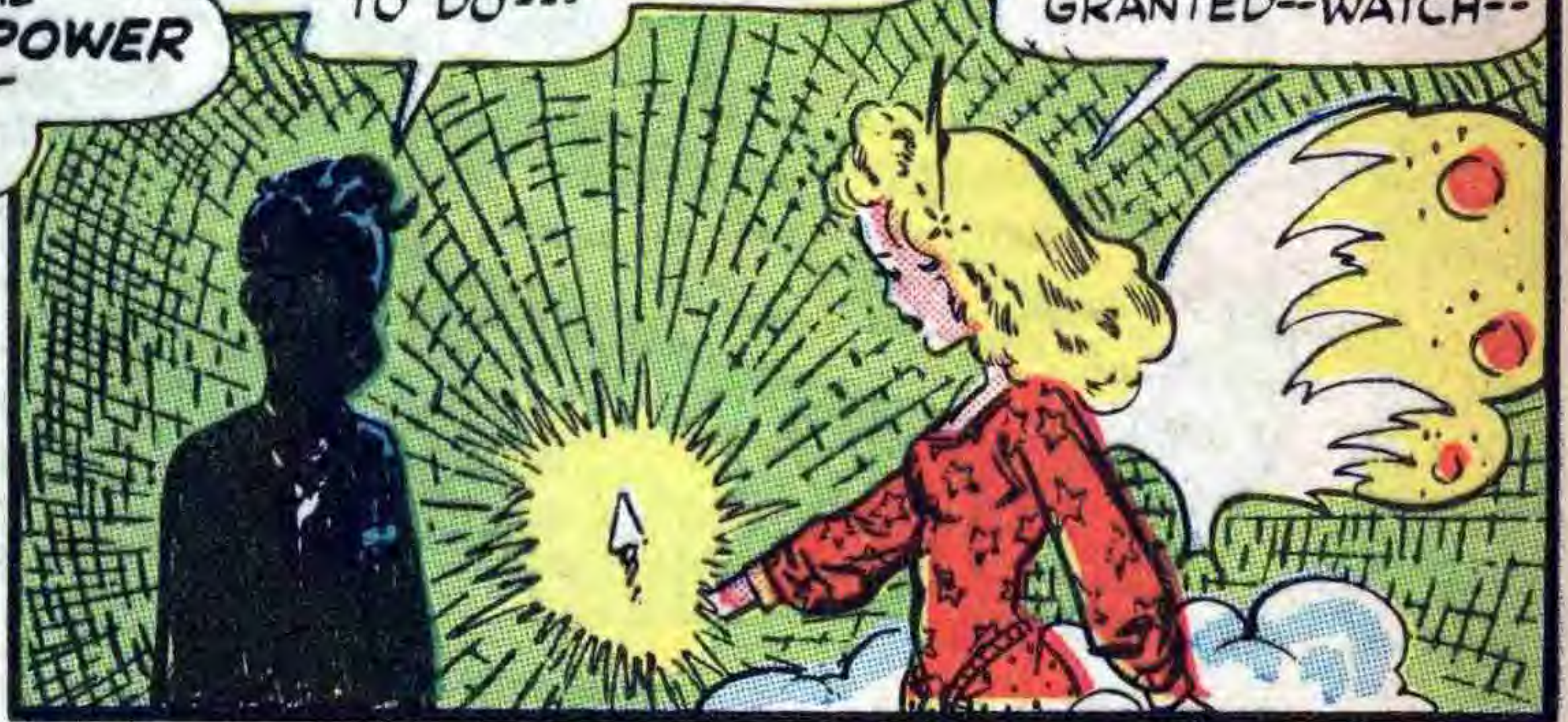


I AIN'T AFRAID! YOU MEAN YOU'LL MAKE MY WISH COME **TRUE**?

YES, MICKEY MITE-- PROVIDING THAT YOU WILL DO SOME **GOOD** WITH THE **POWER** I WILL GIVE YOU-- GO AHEAD AND MAKE A WISH--

I WISH I HAD A **BIG BROTHER**-- YES, A **BIG BROTHER**-- TOUGH, BUT **GOOD**-- WHO'D BE BY MY SIDE WHENEVER I COULDN'T DO THE **GOOD THINGS** I WANT TO DO---

YOUR WISH IS GRANTED--WATCH--



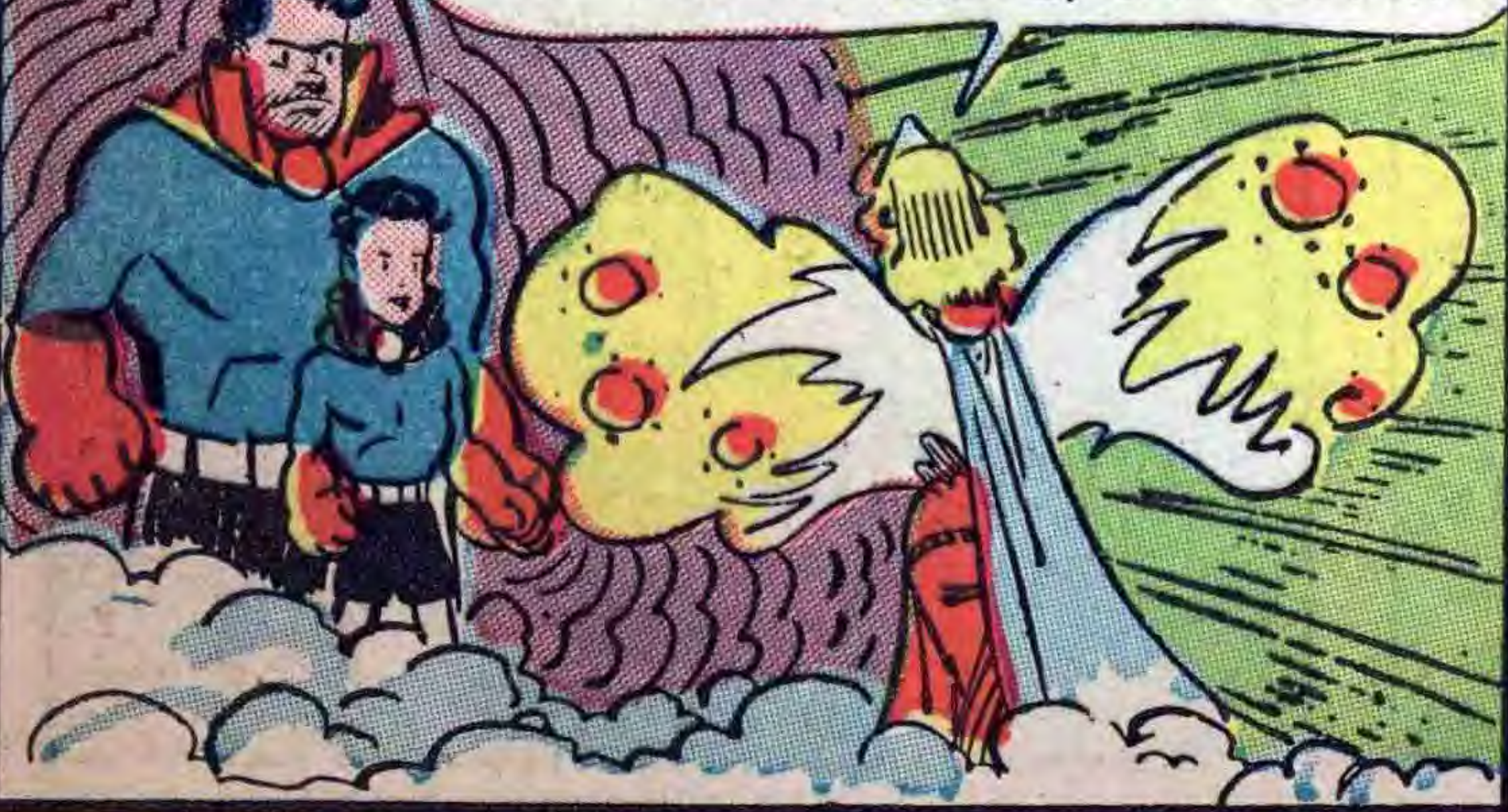
--THERE IS A PUFF OF WHITE SMOKE THAT QUICKLY DISAPPEARS AS MICKEY MITE STANDS AMAZED TO FEEL A NEW STRENGTH FLOW INTO HIS SLENDER BODY-- WHILE BEHIND HIM A FIGURE STANDS PROTECTIVELY--

WH-WH--WHY I FEEL **MIGHTY**!

YES, HENCEFORTH, YOU ARE THE **MIGHTY MITE**--READY TO GO OUT IN THE WORLD TO DESTROY THE **FORCES OF EVIL !!** FOR BEHIND YOU ALWAYS STANDS **GAZOOKA**, WHOM YOU CAN CALL WHENEVER YOU NEED HELP! GIVE HIM THE **RING, GAZOOKA !!**

GOSH--WHAT'S **THAT** FOR--? IT'S TOO BIG!

GAZOOKA WILL MAKE IT SMALLER--WITH HIS BARE HANDS-- THAT IS YOUR MAGIC **GAZOOKA RING**! WHENEVER YOU WANT AID-- RUB IT AND CALL FOR **GAZOOKA**!



ROUND A FEW MINUTES LATER, MICKEY MITE IS SITTING UP, DAZED, BUT HE WAS WEARING THE GAZOOKA RING!

GOSH! THAT WASN'T A DREAM--IT WAS **REAL!** BUT I WONDER IF IT WILL WORK **AGAIN!??**



--SO, HE STOOD UP STRAIGHT, AND RUBBED THE MAGIC RING, AND CRIED "GAZOOKA!" AND--

WHAT DO YOU WISH OF ME MIGHTY MITE? I GO WITH YOU WHEREVER YOU DESIRE!

HUH?--OH--OH! TO THE ROSEDALE MODEL AIRCRAFT CLUB! THEY'RE HOLDING A MEETING TONIGHT--THEY WOULDN'T LET ME BELONG BECAUSE I HAVE NO MODEL AIRPLANE!



MEANWHILE, IN A PARKED CAR BEFORE THE CLUB--

SURE, IT'S A GOOD PROPOSITION?

IT'S A CINCH--ONLY KIDS BELONG TO THIS CLUB, AND THE TROPHY THEY HAVE THERE OUGHT TO BRING US A FAST HUNDRED FOR THE SILVER THAT'S IN IT!



AND SPEEDING TOWARDS THE CLUB IS THE NEW MICKEY MITE WITH FAITHFUL GAZOOKA --

I'LL SHOW THEM! I'LL SHOW EVERYBODY THAT WHEN THE **MIGHTY MITE** GOES OUT TO DO SOMETHING--HE **DOES IT!**

I AM WITH YOU, MIGHTY MITE!!



AND AT THE SAME TIME--

THE ROSEDALE MODEL AIRCRAFT CLUB IS QUITE HAPPY TO HAVE ON DISPLAY FOR ITS MEMBERS TONIGHT THE CELEBRATED **AERO TROPHY**, TO BE GIVEN TO THE MODEL AIRCRAFT CLUB IN THIS STATE FOR THE BEST HOMEMADE AIRPLANE, THAT CAN BE FLOWN BY ITS BUILDER RIDING INSIDE OF IT!!

WOW! THAT'S SOME JOB!!



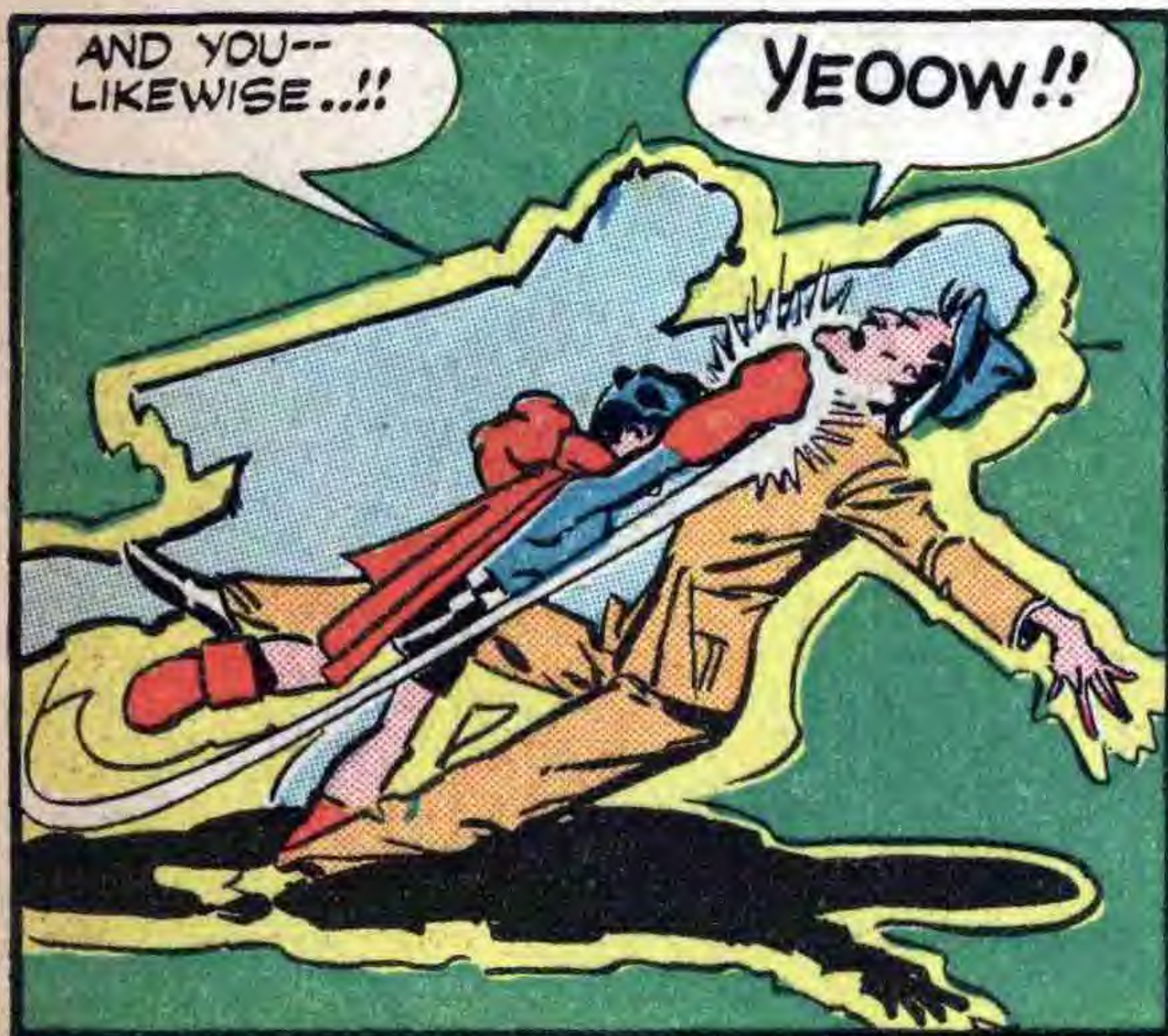
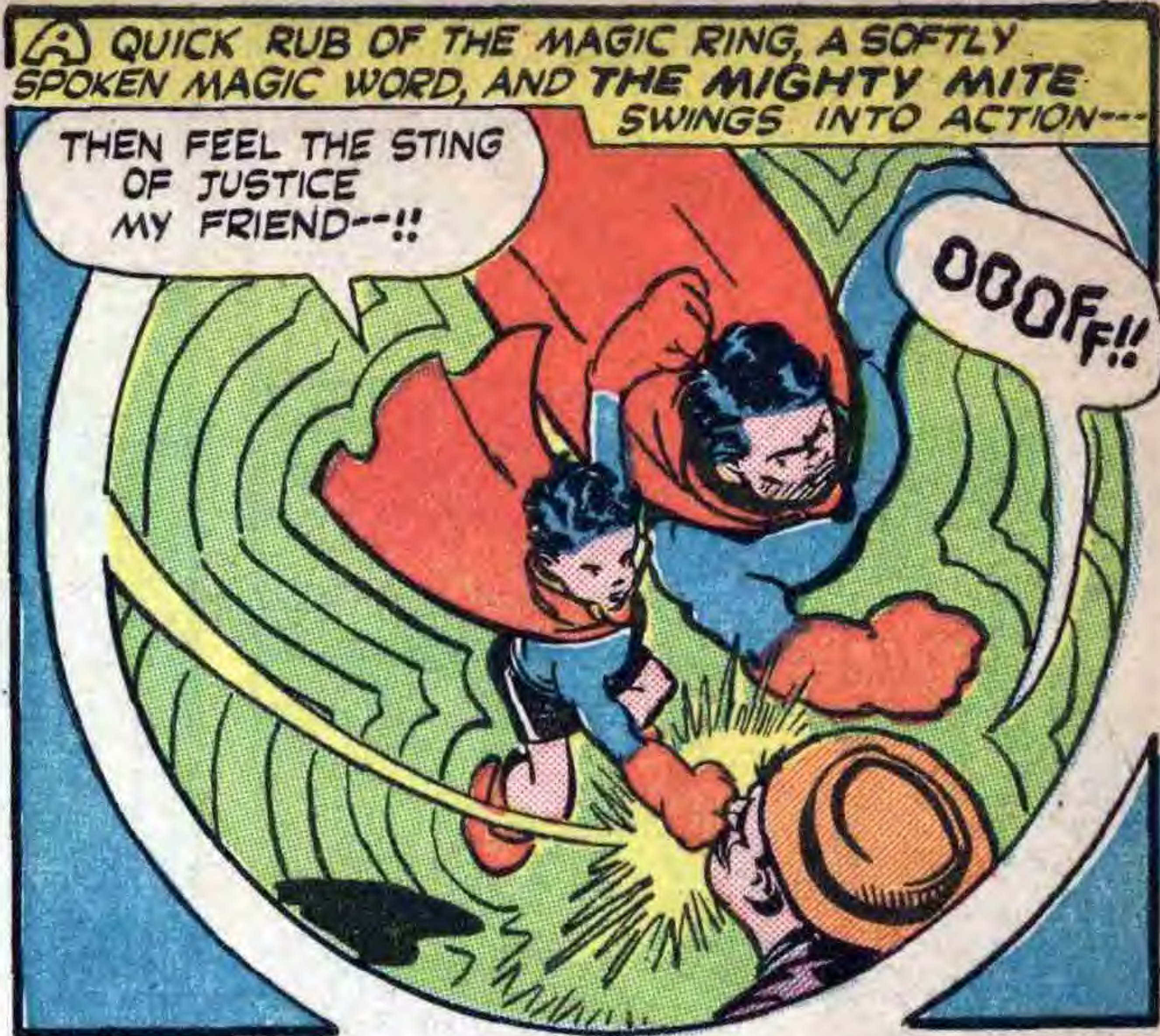
SUDDENLY..

ALL RIGHT, KIDS--JUST BE QUIET, AND DON'T MAKE A SOUND AND WE WON'T HURT YOU--LINE UP AGAINST THE WALL!

GEE--A STICKUP!







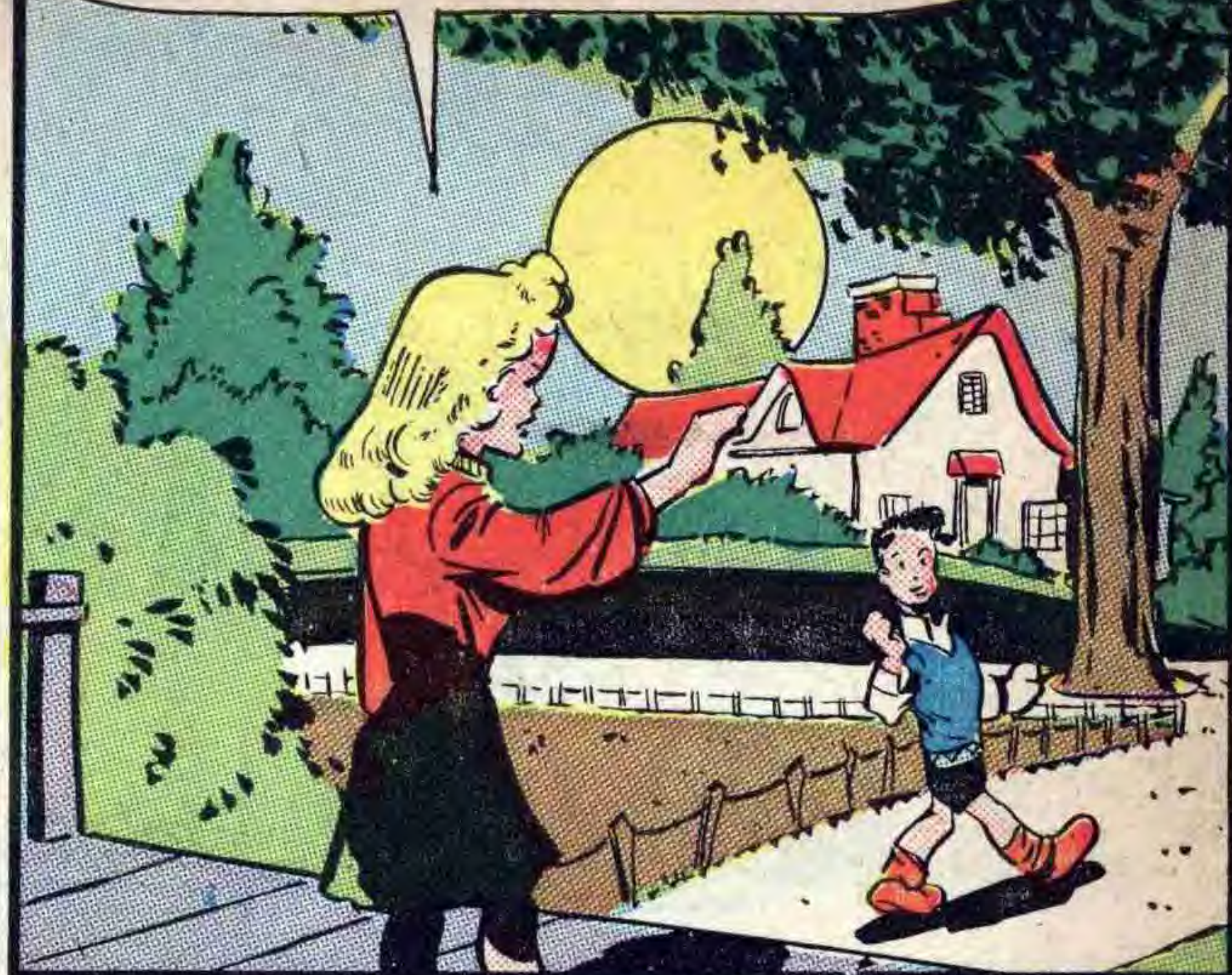
--AND LATER THAT EVENING---

GEE, TEENA--I DON'T KNOW WHICH IS BETTER, KNOWING YOU OR BEING IN THE ROSEDALE MODEL AIRCRAFT CLUB--GEE, IT'S ALL SO SWELL!

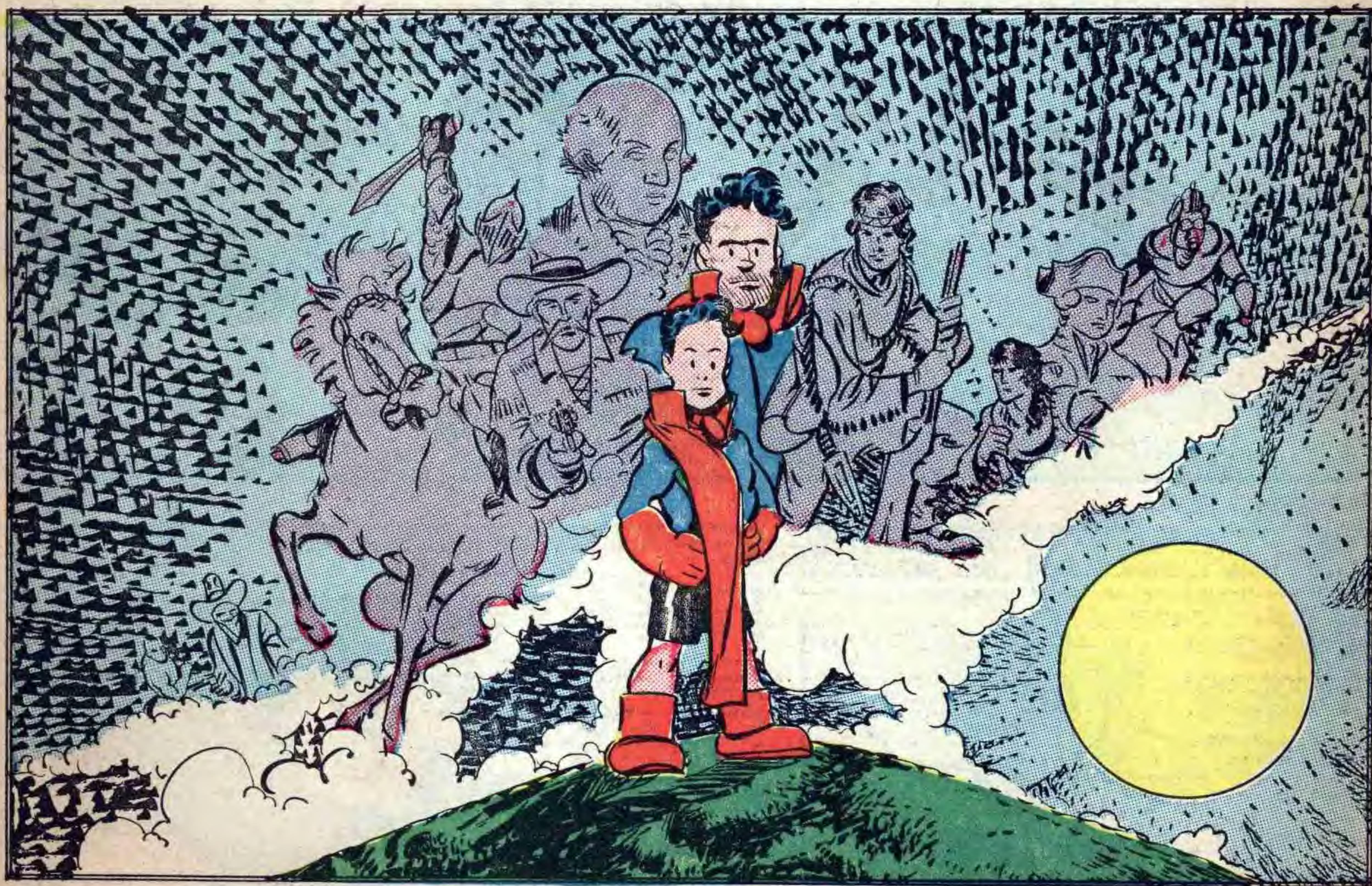
UH-HUH--AND MAYBE YOU CAN BUILD A REAL FLYING AIRPLANE, AND BRING THE AIR TROPHY TO ROSEDALE!



GOODNIGHT, MICKEY MITE--SLEEP TIGHT, AND HAVE PLEASANT DREAMS---



AND-- THAT NIGHT, MICKEY DID HAVE DREAMS --DREAMS LIKE THIS---



--AND SO THE **MIGHTY MITE** WAS BORN, AND NOW HE IS DETERMINED TO PERFECT A FLYING PLANE THAT WILL CARRY HIMSELF--! WILL HE ACCOMPLISH WHAT HE SETS OUT TO DO? ---OR WILL HE HAVE PITFALLS AS HE MATCHES HIS WITS WITH THE FORCES OF EVIL?? DON'T MISS THE EXCITING ADVENTURE OF---

THE MIGHTY MITE--- IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF

Capt. AERO COMICS...

Captain Aero's SKY SCOUTS



↓
BOBBY AND JIMMY
 THE DARING
SKY SCOUTS
 ONCE MORE PROVE THAT
 COURAGE AND RESOURCEFULNESS
 CAN EXIST EVEN IN THE MINDS
 OF BOYS THEIR AGE, AS
 THEY PROCEED TO SEE
 THAT —
**"THE MAIL GETS
 THROUGH!!"**
 ↓

OUR STORY OPENS AS BOBBY AND JIMMY ARE PREPARING FOR A TAKE-OFF ON A HIGH HILL IN ROSEDALE--

CATAPULT ALL
 SET, BOB---?

ALL SET, JIM-- JUST
 RELEASE THAT CATCH,
 AND---



WE'RE
 OFF--!!

AND
 HOW!!



SEVERAL MINUTES OF GRACEFUL
FLYING, AND THEN--

JIMMY-- LOOK!!
OVER THERE!!

HOLY SMOKES!
A MAIL PLANE
TRYING TO
MAKE A FORCED
LANDING!!



HE'LL NEVER
MAKE IT
WITH ALL THOSE
TREES IN
FRONT OF HIM!!

LOOK!!
HE'S GOING
TO TRY
TO CLEAR
THEM!!



HE SURE MUST
BE CARRYING A
LOT OF WEIGHT!

HE'S BEING FORCED
DOWN ALL RIGHT!!



HE
MADE
IT!!

NO!! LOOK!! THOSE
BUSHES!! HE'S GOING
TO CRASH!!



CRASH

GOOD GRIEF!! WHAT
ARE WE GOING TO
DO, JIMMIE--?

LAND OUR
GLIDER OF
COURSE!!







HERE'S A BREATHLESS PAUSE--
AND THEN, A SUDDEN DOWNWARD
PLUNGE INTO SPACE....

HOLD ON...
I'LL HAVE TO
PULL HER OUT
OF THIS,
FAST....

EASE HER
UP, SON--
DON'T PULL
UP TOO
FAST...



DON'T WORRY,
SIR-- CAPTAIN AERO
ALWAYS TOLD
US TO DO
THAT!!!

GOOD BOY... KEEP
BANKING UNTIL YOU
CAN CLIMB---
AND RELAX....



CAPTAIN AERO!
THEN YOU MUST
BE BOBBIE AND
JIMMY, THE SKY
SCOUTS-- I'VE
HEARD OF YOU
TWO!

EASY, JIM--
THE OTHER
WALL OF
THE CLIFF
IS DEAD
AHEAD!



FLYING SKILL, TAUGHT BY THE
MASTER OF THEM ALL, CAPT.
AERO, IS RESPONSIBLE FOR
MANEUVERS SUCH AS THESE!

ZOWIE!
WE
MADE IT!



I KNOW THE ROUTE--
IF WE CAN GET OUT
OF WHAT WE JUST DID,
WE CAN GO ANYWHERE!

BUT CAN WE GET
TO CAMP FOREST--?
THAT'S THE
THING---



CLIMB AS HIGH AS
SHE'LL GO, SON---
BECAUSE WE'VE GOT
TO COME IN ON CAMP
FOREST'S RUNWAY
WITH A LONG, LONG
GLIDE---

YEAH--
ABOUT A
HUNDRED
MILES OR
SO--



LATER, AT CAMP FOREST--

THE MAIL PLANE IS OVERDUE--WE'D BETTER RADIO BASE HEADQUARTERS AT ONCE--!!

RIGHT, SIR!! WE CERTAINLY COULD USE THAT ANTI-TOXIN!



THEY WOULD HAVE SENT A REGULAR ARMY PLANE, BUT THE MAIL PLANE IS FASTER FOR THIS TYPE OF COUNTRY--

I HOPE THAT NOTHING HAS GONE WRONG!

OH, CAPTAIN MARKS-- CAPTAIN MARKS!



A GLIDER-- IT'S COMING IN--

WHAT ON EARTH IS GOING ON, HERE, ANYHOW--?



A NEAT THREE-POINT LANDING, AND THE TWO SKY-SCOUTS ARE ONCE MORE ON TERRA FIRMA--

THAT'S RIGHT, SIR--AND WE HEADED STRAIGHT FOR CAMP FOREST!

AMAZING! YOU MEAN YOU GLIDED THAT ENTIRE DISTANCE!



AND HOW THEY DID-- IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR THEM I'D BE UP ON THAT HILL-TOP NOW-- --AND SO WOULD THE ANTI-TOXIN! THESE BOYS ARE CAPTAIN AERO'S SKY SCOUTS--AND THEY SURE ARE A CREDIT TO HIM!

WELL, BOYS-- I'LL SEE THAT THIS EXPLOIT IS GIVEN PROPER ATTENTION!



AND LATER THAT AFTERNOON---

THE SUCCESS OF FUTURE AMERICAN AVIATION IS IN THE HANDS OF BOYS LIKE THESE-- WE SHOULD WELL BE PROUD OF THEM....

WE ONLY SAW THAT THERE WAS A JOB TO DO-- AND WE DID IT!

I WISH THAT MORE AND MORE YOUNG FOLKS TOOK AS MUCH INTEREST IN AVIATION AS YOU TWO



DON'T FAIL TO READ ANOTHER THRILL-PACKED ADVENTURE OF CAPT. AERO'S SKY SCOUTS IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF CAPT. AERO COMICS!!!

**For Every Real
American
Boy and Girl!**

Mothers and Dads

THE AMERICAN RANGER
GLOWLIGHT MAKES A
FINE EMERGENCY
NIGHT LIGHT

EDUCATIONAL
AND
Easy
TO
BUILD

**No Batteries
No Bulbs
Works by
MYSTERY GLOW**

**FREE MORSE CODE
and SEMAPHORE
ALPHABET CHART
WITH EACH
GLOWLIGHT**



AMERICAN RANGER

GLOWLIGHT

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NO
MONEY**



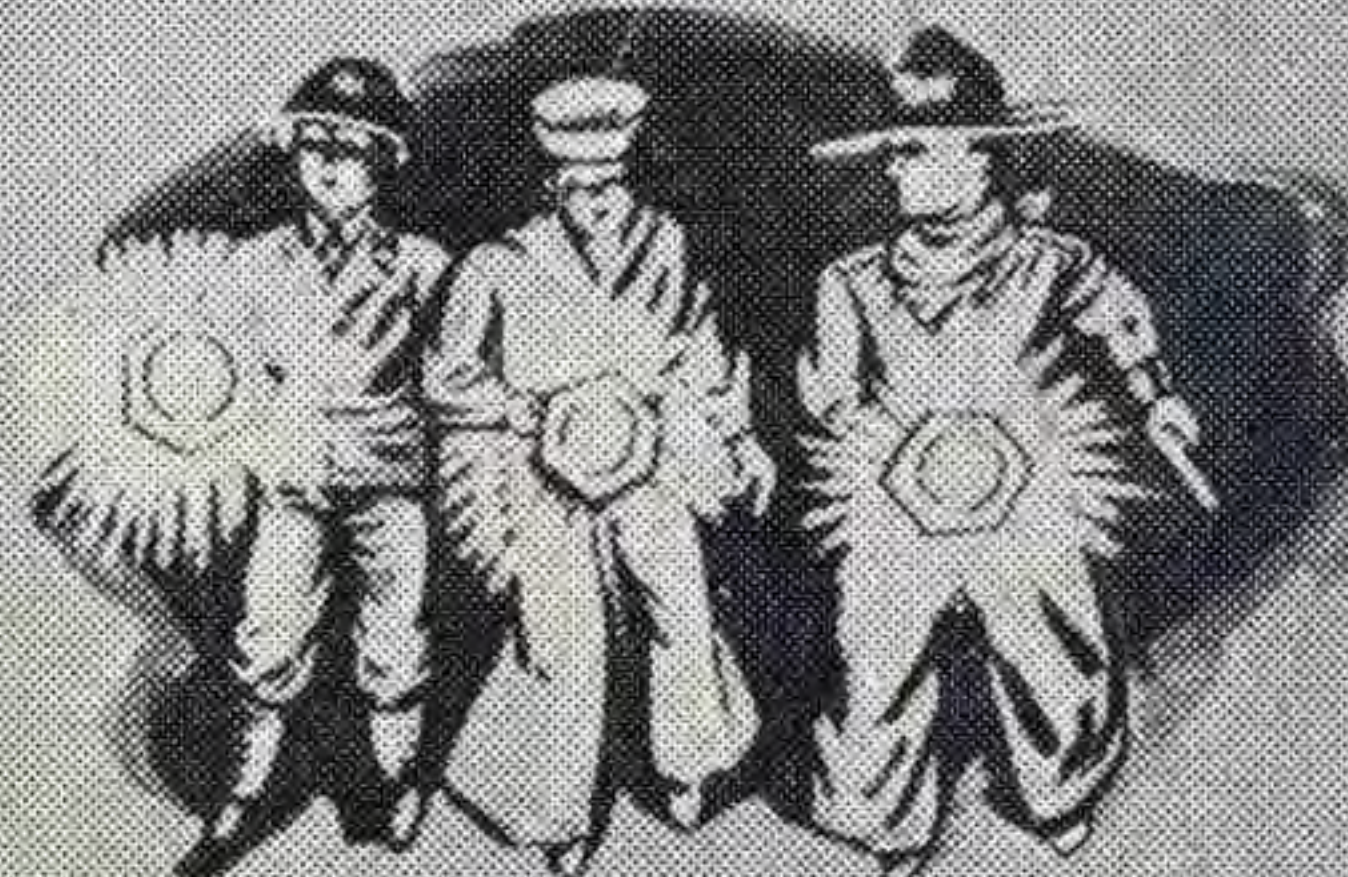
"SPOT" ANY OBJECT IN THE DARK



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LADY'S JACKET Sale Price, \$3.95	Camel Tan	Stop Red	
Check color wanted			
Combination Price for 1 Man's and 1 Lady's Jacket BOTH only \$7.95			
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Check color wanted			
CHECK SIZE WANTED 46, 48, 50			
LADY'S 12, 14, 15, 18, 20, MAN'S 36, 38, 40, 42, 44			
MY TOTAL PURCHASE AMOUNTS TO: \$..... C. O. D.			